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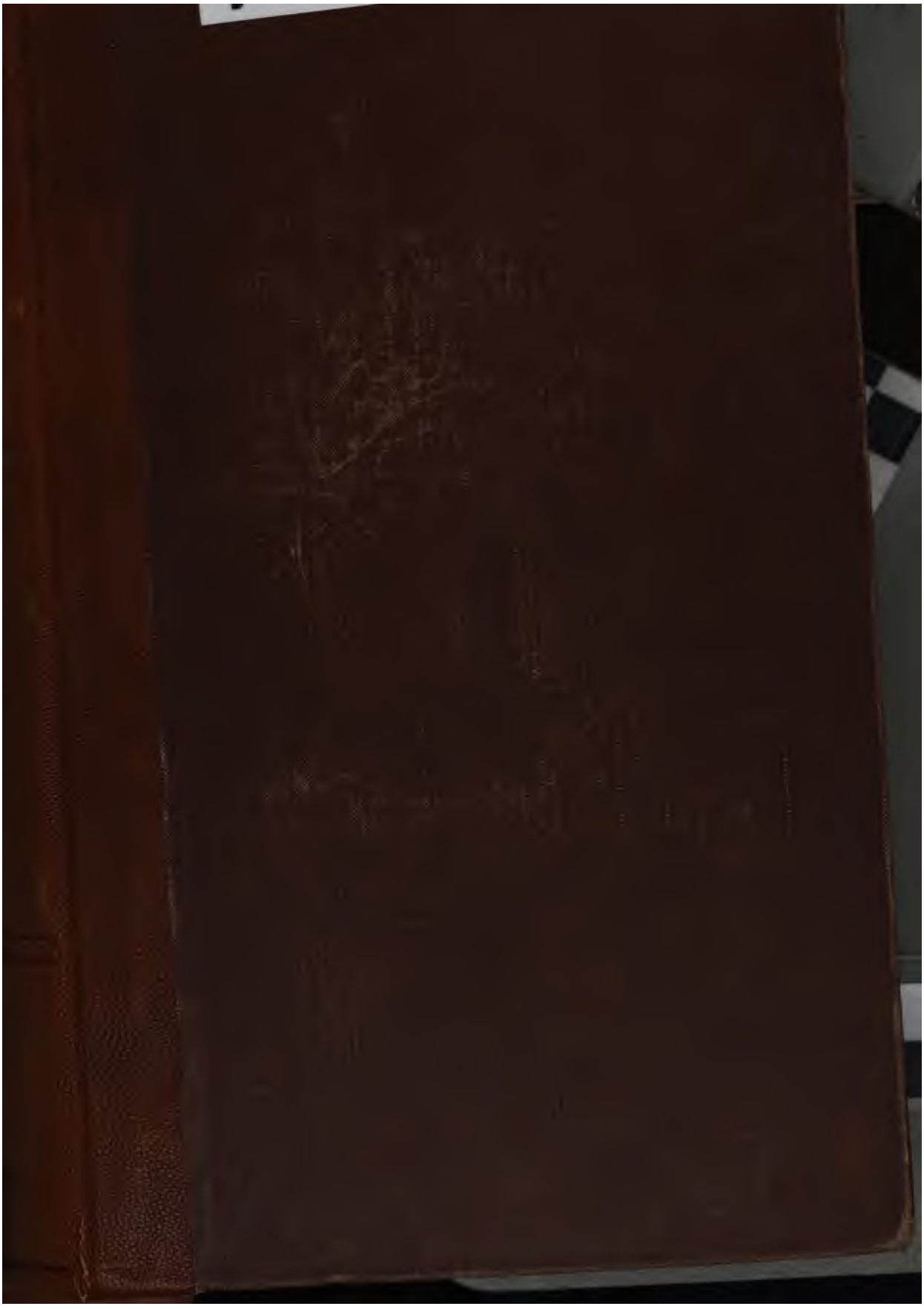

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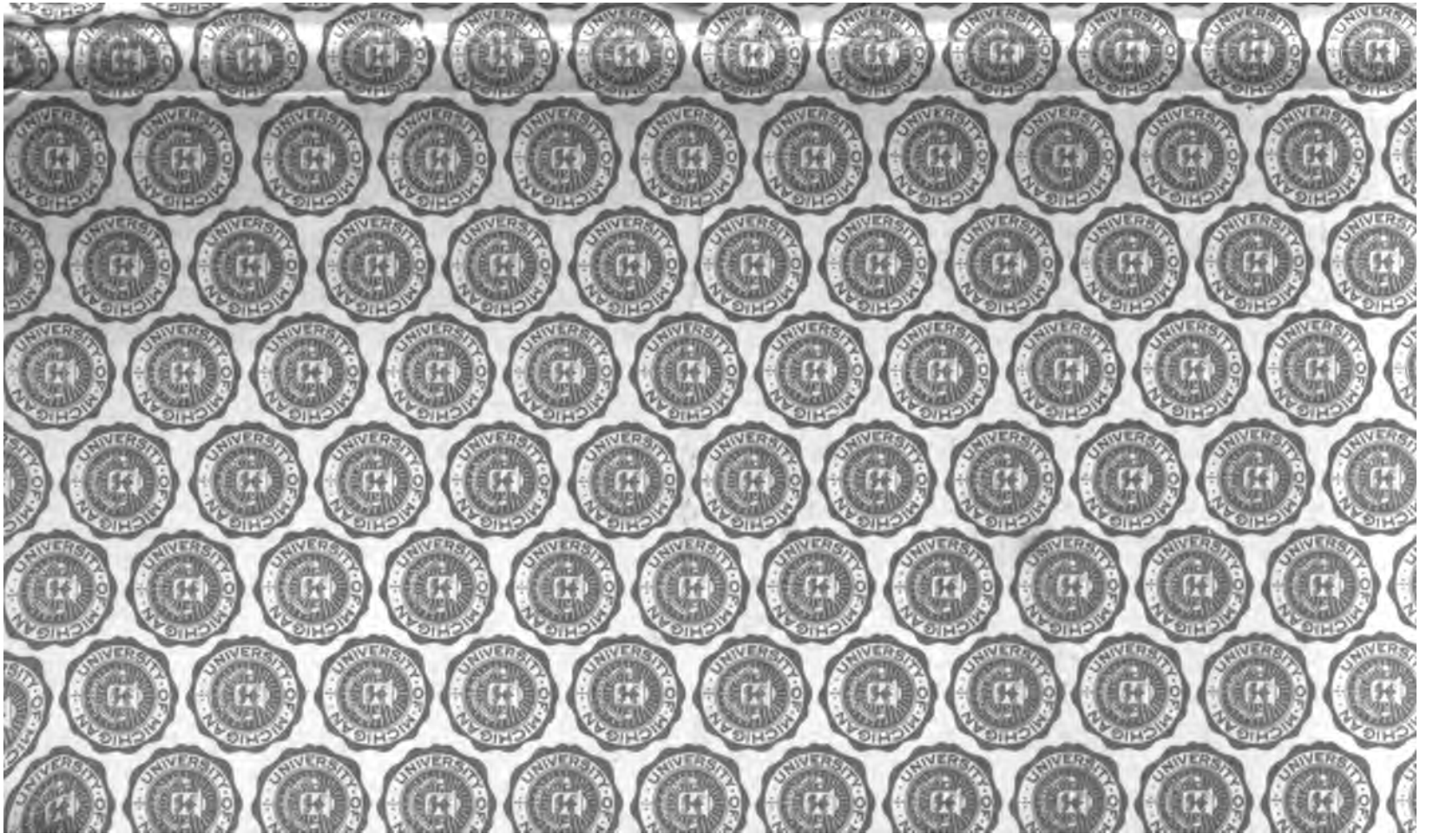
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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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JOURNAL TO STELLA.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

THE JOURNAL TO STELLA, from 2d September 1710 to 6th June 1713, forms a natural introduction to the political pieces by which Swift supported the last ministry of Queen Anne. But it may also be thought a fit preface to his works in general, as affording the closest insight into his temper, principles, and habits, during the busiest and happiest period of his life. It contains, indeed, documents for his private history, of a nature equally curious and authentic. The letters of literary men are usually written under some feeling, that they may one day become public; at least they are calculated so as to bear relation to the habits and feelings of their correspondents; and thus far the writer is necessarily under a degree of restraint. In a private diary, on the other hand, the journalist pays some attention to the arranging and methodising his thoughts; for, supposing that it is intended for the writer's sole use, there are few who care to review even their own sentiments in absolute dishabille: But the JOURNAL TO STELLA is as unconstrained as conversation the most intimate and familiar, nearly as much so, indeed, as thought itself. To account for this, we must recollect, that Swift had united the destiny of Mrs. Johnson so closely to his own, that his hopes, fears, wishes, and expectations, were sure to be identified with those of his correspondent. The strange and peculiar relation in which they had now for some years stood to each other, had produced between them all the confidence and mutual interest of marriage, while their affection was unchilled by familiarity, or by possession. Swift, therefore, wrote to Stella, alike without coldness or suspicion, with all the intimacy

of a husband, but with all the feelings of a lover. Nothing was too precious to be withheld from her; and, at the same time, nothing so trifling in which she was not to find interest, if it related to him. Hence that curious and diverting mixture of the meanest and most common domestic details with state secrets, court intrigues, and the fate of ministries; where the history of the Duke of Marlborough's disgrace is hardly detailed with more minute accuracy than the progress and cure of the doctor's broken shin. This miscellaneous mode of writing is a warrant to the reader, that he has the real sentiments of the author. He who bends his mind to a single subject, will gradually, and even unconsciously, become guarded in his mode of treating it, and, consequently, will rather plead a cause than deliver an opinion. But, while throwing into his Journal the ideas as they rose in his mind, grand or minute, important or trifling, Swift insures us, that he had not even that very harmless motive for a certain disguise of sentiment, which arises from the wish of doing all things in order. His ideas, upon subjects of importance, break from him at intervals; and, as he was under no necessity to preserve an appearance of uniformity, the attentive reader may perceive when he judges coolly; when he is swayed by passion, or prejudice; when he alters or revokes an opinion; and when, without doing so, his opinions are inconsistent with each other. In short, it is a picture of the man, the author, and the politician. A very short survey of the circumstances under which the Journal was written, will prevent the reader having the trouble of referring to the Life of Swift, unless from a wish to see them more fully detailed.

The bishops of Ireland had long solicited, that Queen Anne would be pleased to remit the right of the crown to the first-fruits and twentieth-parts payable by the clergy of that kingdom. Their applications had not hitherto been followed by anything excepting fair promises. On the 31st of August 1710, the bishops, by the following letter, addressed to Dr. Harstonge, Bishop of Ossory, and Dr. Lindsay, Bishop of Killaloe, directed them to prosecute this petition to the crown; and joined Swift with them as a confidential agent, or solicitor.

Dublin, Aug. 31, 1710.

"OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,

"Whereas several applications have been made to her majesty, about the first-fruits and twentieth-parts payable to her majesty by the clergy of this kingdom, beseeching her majesty, that she

would be graciously pleased to extend her bounty to the clergy here, in such manner as the convocation have humbly laid before her majesty, or as her majesty shall, in her goodness and wisdom, think fit; and the said applications lie still before her majesty; and we do hope, from her royal bounty, a favourable answer.

"We do therefore entreat your Lordships, to take on you the solicitation of that affair, and to use such proper methods and applications as you, in your prudence, shall judge most likely to be effectual. We have likewise desired the bearer, Dr. Swift, to concern himself with you, being persuaded of his diligence and good affection; and we desire, that, if your Lordships' occasions require your leaving London before you have brought the business to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it advisable so to do. We are your Lordships' most humble servants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.
W. CASSEL.
W. MEATH.
W. KILDARE.
WM. KILLALA.

"*To the Right Rev. Fathers in God, John, Lord Bishop of Ossory, and Thomas, Lord Bishop of Killaloe.*"

With these credentials Swift set forth for London, and arrived there in the beginning of September, in the midst of the convulsions occasioned by the fall of the Whig ministry under Godolphin and Somers. From that time, he was not only a spectator, but an active and busy agitator in the politics of their Tory successors. His progress, and final success, in the negotiation concerning the remission, are detailed in the Journal, and in the letters passing between Archbishop King and Dr. Swift upon that subject. This was solely owing to his own influence and exertions; for the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had left London before his arrival. But this, though the original cause of his journey, soon became a very subordinate occupation: Trusted with the most important secrets by the new ministers; living on the footing of intimacy with the most noble and most powerful of the prevailing party; feeling all the consciousness of present influence, and anticipating, doubtless, the most ambitious views of future eminence,—Swift, during

this period, enjoyed both the present and the future. Time glided on, however, and he at length felt, after repeated disappointment, that some secret bar impeded his rise in the church. The ministers, who sometimes needed his good offices to conciliate the public, and sometimes to reconcile their private differences, seem carefully to have concealed from him, that the queen's personal dislike was the real impediment to his preferment. By dint of a strenuous demand, accompanied by a determined resolution to retire in case of its being refused, he extorted, with difficulty, the deanery of St. Patrick's. When he had attained this preferment, he returned to Ireland to possess himself of it; yet wondering internally, that the ministers, whom he had so effectually served, and by whom he was personally so much respected, should have assigned his tardy preferment in a separate kingdom.

During the period of his residence in London, he sent to Mrs. Johnson a daily journal of his actions, sentiments, wishes, opinions, hopes, and fears. With the usual caution that marked all his correspondence with Stella, the Diary is not addressed to her alone, (though written solely on her account,) but jointly to her companion Mrs. Dingley. Habits of great intimacy, and that pleasure of indulging infantine whims, which is its natural consequence, had introduced between them what Swift calls a "little language," in which his fondness loved to display itself. This pretty jargon has been decyphered with considerable ability by former editors; and it is only here necessary to say, that MD usually stands for Stella and Dingley, though sometimes for the former alone; D. stands for Dingley, and DD for Dingley and Stella, yet sometimes for Stella alone. Swift himself is represented by the letters PDFR; but this odd and awkward combination of consonants is, in printing, usually exchanged for *Presto:* a name given to him by the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who, being a foreigner, could not remember the English word—*swift*.

While Dean Swift was engaged with the history of the last years of Queen Anne, he resumed possession of this Journal, perhaps to refresh his memory as to facts: and to this circumstance it may be we owe its preservation. It is hardly necessary to add, that the Journal was strictly confidential, and was written to Stella, under a solemn prohibition to show it to any one whatsoever.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

LETTER I.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE * will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord-lieutenant's

* Joseph Beaumont of Trim, merchant, had the honour to be numbered among Swift's humble friends. He was a proficient in mathematics, and had invented a set of sleaing tables, calculated for the improvement of the linen trade. For this discovery, he received from government a reward of an hundred pounds, after many difficulties had occurred in the payment; a circumstance often alluded to in the course of these letters to Stella. Intense application to investigate the longitude, at length deranged Mr. Beaumont's understanding, and he committed suicide in a fit of lunacy. He is described as a handsome grey-headed man, with some pretensions to literary accomplishment. In his witty description of the Vicar's house at Castlenock, Swift introduces Beaumont,

> The grey old fellow, poet Joe,
> The philosophic cause will show.

steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond.* He and Mrs. Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well. and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the Bishop of Clogher.† I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the Bishop of Clogher remind the Bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one inclosed to the Bishop of Litchfield.‡ Let all who write to me inclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.§ My Lord Mountjoy is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley.‖ and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred

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* Vicar of Trim, often mentioned in the Journal, and a particular friend of Swift, who had recommended him as such to the acquaintance of Addison.

† Dr. St. George Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Derry; a man of wit and talents.

‡ Dr. John Hough.

§ Sir Richard was at this time Gazetteer; or, as he termed it, "Lowest Minister of State." He was also a commissioner of the stamp office. There was great cordiality at this time between him and Swift, who had contributed several papers to the Tatler, which Steele then conducted, but their friendship was soon overclouded.

‖ Elizabeth, lady of Garret Wesley, Esq., one of the daughters of Sir Dudley Colley.

and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her inclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and, for God's sake, be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life.* If Mrs. Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless you, &c.

—o—

LETTER II.

London, September 9, Saturday, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday, after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.† But my Lord-Treasurer‡ received me with a great deal of

* This will perhaps admit a scruple of doubt.

† The subject of these apologies was, their having disappointed Swift's preferment, chiefly through the remonstrances of Sharpe, Archbishop of York, who argued, that the author of "The Tale of a Tub" was a person unworthy of rising in the church.

‡ The Earl of Godolphin. Swift, in a letter to Archbishop King, says, his reception was altogether different from what he had received from any great man in his life; altogether short, dry, and morose.

coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my Lady Giffard is much at court, and Lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother some other way.* I writ to the Bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the Archbishop of Dublin. Everything is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the Duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's † lodgings: but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have

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* Lady Giffard was the beloved sister of Sir William Temple, and is said to have had a large portion of his genius. But a quarrel, or at least a coldness, had taken place between Swift and the family of his original patron, owing, it would seem, to some difference about the publication of Sir William's posthumous works, intrusted to Swift by his will. Mrs. Johnson's mother was then residing with Lady Giffard.

† *Presto* stands for Swift, being adopted instead of PDFR, which is the character he himself uses when writing in the little language.

already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal: and when it is full, I will send it whether MD writes or not: and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol * pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple † and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the provost I have obeyed his commands to the Duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh ‡ just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,§ and Mrs. Walls, and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.‖ It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

---

* The doctor's agent at Laracor, a Frenchman.

† Nephew to Sir William.

‡ An Irish gentleman of fortune, in the county of Westmeath.

§ Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

‖ The government premium for his new invented mathematical sleaing tables, which I believe are still in use.

LETTER III.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the Duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with Sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's Coffeehouse, I came home and writ to the Archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's* friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters: that Sir Thomas Frankland† would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington: saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.‡ At ten I went to the

---

* Isaac Manley, Esq., Postmaster-general for Ireland. The great change in Queen Anne's ministry was now going on rapidly. Godolphin had been directed to break his staff as treasurer on the 8th August 1710.

† Sir Thomas Frankland, Postmaster-general. Swift seems to have had an esteem for him; for to Macsay's eulogy, in which he describes Sir Thomas as of a very sweet, easy, and affable disposition, jealous for the constitution, yet not forward and indulgent to his dependants, he subscribes, "*This is a fair character.*"

‡ This Examiner charges Steele, as having, "by entering into party disputes, violated the most solemn repeated promises, and that perfect neutrality which he had engaged to maintain."—In-

coffeehouse, hoping to find Lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which, (having written down some hints,) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke* was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes, that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord

---

deed, Sir Richard could never resist the temptation of interfering in politics, whatever might be the determination of his cooler moments. One of his principal offences on the present occasion was publishing, in THE TATLER, No. 193, a very satirical letter, in the name of Downes, the prompter; in which the change of administration was ridiculed under a theatrical parable. The letter, which has much sarcastic humour, is said to have been written by Anthony Henley, Esq.

* A bookseller, who printed the TALE OF A TUB, and other works, for Swift.

Wharton * expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt † refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to Lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford to the Duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord president,‡ with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of Lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected anything from Lord Wharton, and that Lord Wharton knew that I understood it so.§ He said, that he had written twice to Lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord President told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest

---

* Thomas Wharton, then Earl, afterwards Marquis, of Wharton. He had been lord-lieutenant of Ireland; hence Swift's acquaintance with him. Lord Wharton was deeply in the Whig interest, and was distinguished as a man of considerable talent and personal profligacy; though still more as the father of that eccentric phenomenon, Philip, Duke of Wharton, in whom his talents and profligacy were at once outstripped. He is frequently mentioned in the Journal.

† Vice-treasurer of Ireland.

‡ The celebrated Lord Somers, of whom Horace Walpole said with so much spirit, that he was one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly.

§ Yet from the personal animosity which Swift uniformly displays against Wharton, something like disappointed hope may be argued.

upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford the Hamburgh merchant, my old schoolfellow; but calling at Bull's on Ludgate Hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadly, the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell:* but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however, to be at Hampstead, where I saw Lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long; she and her comrade† have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds: yet we were educated together at the same school and university.‡ We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and Sir Simon Harcourt to suc-

---

* Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, distinguished himself about this time by opposition to the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, so fiercely pressed by Sacheverell. Mr. Hoadly preached a memorable sermon on the first verses of the 13th chapter of the epistle to the Romans, in order to show, that the resistance condemned by the text did not apply to the case of bad or tyrannical rulers.

† Supposed to be Mrs. Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton.

‡ If this passage implies a passing feeling of envy at Stratford's superior wealth, a few months taught Swift the preferable security of his own mediocrity of fortune; for the Journal contains an account of Stratford's bankruptcy.

ceed* him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind, and I, went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat.† We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffeehouse; we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper; so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see Lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when Lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household,‡ has sent to desire my acquaintance;

---

* He was first made attorney-general in the room of Sir James Montague, and actually got the seals soon afterwards.

† The Tatler thus moralizes on the same subject, and in the same year: "As much of a philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look upon the two boys, who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of the fortunes which were to be distributed in the crowd, who stood all around expecting the same chance." No 203.

‡ Sir John Holland had some reason for apprehension, being

I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers, without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.*

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate, the learned woollen draper.† Mr. Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday,

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a keen Whig, and a distinguished manager for the Commons on the impeachment of Sacheverell. He succeeded Sir Thomas Felton as comptroller of the household, 23d March 1709–10.

* Mrs. Ann Long, once a celebrated beauty and toast of the Kit-cat Club, was sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Colonel Strangeways. She was a particular friend of Swift; who entered into a whimsical treaty with her, capitulating upon the conditions of their acquaintance. Through her own imprudence, and the unkindness of her friends, she fell into narrow circumstances, contracted some embarrassing debts, and retired to Lynn, in Norfolk, under the assumed name of Smythe, where she died soon afterwards. Her death is noticed in this Journal, 25th December 1711, and is deeply lamented by Swift.

† Will Pate, for whom Swift composed an epitaph, was a tradesman of such a turn for letters, as to be called the Learned Woollen Draper. He was educated at Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He died in 1746, and was buried at Lee, in Kent. Swift mentions Pate more than once in this Journal.

whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God, Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges, the paymaster-general, desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent Lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and began a letter to the Tatler, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.; and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the Duke of Devonshire;* they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him, Lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the

* William Cavendish, second Duke of Devonshire, distinguished as a steady adherent to Whig politics.

money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the Earl of Anglesea,* the great support of the Tories; so that employment of vice-treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The Bishop of Durham† died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow.‡ I have had a letter from Lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's

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* John Annesley, Earl of Anglesea, a young nobleman of high promise, and rising in favour at court. He was made vice-treasurer of Ireland a few weeks before his decease. He died of a fever, on the 8th September 1710.

† It was not the Bishop of Durham, but of St. David's, Dr. George Bull, who died that day. He was raised to the prelacy, April 29, 1705.

‡ "When I lived in England," says the Dean to Miss Hoadley, "once every year I issued out an edict, commanding, that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril."—Letter, dated 4th June 1734. See his Capitulation with Mrs. Long.

daughters;* the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my Lord President Somers; the Duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am intrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury Street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens to-morrow, I will add it.

Robin's Coffeehouse.—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; King Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and Count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St. James's Coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray, tell me whether you like

* See the Journal hereafter, October 20, 1710.

this journal way of writing.—I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray and be hanged.

—o—

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy,* Stratford,† and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's house had been at the coffee-house to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazard-

* John Molesworth, then envoy extraordinary to the King of Sardinia, and afterwards employed in similar trust by George I. He succeeded to the title of Lord Viscount Molesworth, and died the same year, 1723.

† A merchant in the city, often afterwards mentioned.

ing seeing Lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with Lady Lucy, &c., and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one inclosed to Lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom;* and does he think anybody will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time, to-day, with Will Frankland and his fortune; she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley† has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and Lady Betty Germain to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to

* The business of the first-fruits.

† Lady of the Earl of Berkeley, to whom Swift was chaplain, and for some time private secretary, during his lieutenancy in Ireland. Swift had infinite contempt for the lord, but a regard almost proportional for the countess.

neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff: let the Bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can.* Well, I will write to the Bishop of Killala; but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take Lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say; she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So, you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter House?—get a —— into the Charter House.†—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent‡ what I say of the

* This was probably the Tatler, No. 74, in which Swift proposes to fix the table of fame. It was published 29th September 1710.

† In these sort of broken ejaculations Swift answers the paragraphs of the lady's letter, which was then lying before him.

‡ Swift's housekeeper.

Charter House. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,* and have sat at home since six, writing to the Bishop of Clogher, Dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with Sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with Sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,† which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet;

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* Probably at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's.

† The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. A severe satire on Godolphin, the ex-treasurer.

my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me; and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute,) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer, or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or anybody that will tell him; that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,* give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that Lady S—— was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw

* The doctor's curate at his living at Laracor.

everybody; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly is out,* and Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to Lord Wharton;† so he has made an ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came; guess which it is, and whether the Bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to-day; he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopence; however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls‡ will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again: why, it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on

* A commissioner of the revenue, &c., afterwards speaker.

† Who, while lord-lieutenant, took gratuities upon all possible occasions.

‡ Archdeacon Walls.

the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for.—No, no, I will eat no grapes; I eat about six the other day at Sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth; what then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no aile, (I suppose you mean *ale*,) but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes; pray do not carry that too far, young woman, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley.* Why small hopes from the Duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of anything farther than the business I am upon: you see I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mrs. Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away.

* The celebrated Robert Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford. He was at this time a commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, and daily rising in power.

The dean friendly! The dean be pox't: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the Bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that is enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Mr. Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

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LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-

day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,* who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill-usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I *do* understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy, to dine with Lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a Parliament man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father, (postmaster here,) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it, for revenge on a certain great person. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off, and go write to Sir John Stanley, to desire

* Erasmus Lewis, secretary at that time to the Earl of Dartmouth, an especial favourite of Swift, as has been noticed elsewhere.

him to engage Lady Hyde, as my mistress, to engage Lord Hyde in favour of Mr. Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen * and Delaval, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at Hampton Court,) and expected to see nobody; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the Cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from Lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that Earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight,† at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.‡

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* Sir Paul Methuen, who was ambassador at the Court of Portugal, to whom we owed the Portugal treaty.

† 24th September 1710.

‡ Yet Swift does not yet appear to have renounced the friendship of Addison. But Halifax had not been sparing in professions of friendship to Swift, and even had hinted a wish to make him a prebendary of Westminster. His letter on this subject seems to have been that which Swift elsewhere mentions his having kept "as a most admirable original of court promises and professions." Letter to Lady Betty Germaine, dated 8th June 1735.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to Lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyet, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp office, and married to a sister of Sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyet will be hanged;* for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,† and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a

* He was tried at the Old Bailey, Jan. 13, 1710–11, and was acquitted, his crime being found not felony, but only breach of trust.

† Owing to the weakness of her eyes.

letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord-lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord-lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell* and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c.† And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoked it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic. Rowe the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3? &c. I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as

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* A privy counsellor, and secretary of state for Ireland.

† The reader may here pause, to remark the singular situation of Swift, who was at this moment called to make choice between the friendship of the two greatest men in England.

I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the givers bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,* who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliamentmen: and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.† I. dined again at Delaval's; and in the evening, at the coffeehouse, heard Sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better, with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's, was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to

* Sir Godfrey Kneller's the painter.

† The Westminster election was at this time keenly contested between Mr. Medlicot and Mr. Cross for the high church party, and General Stanhope and Sir Henry Dutton Colt, on the part of the Whigs. The adherents of the former behaved with great violence at the poll; and the Whig voters being intimidated, the government candidates were returned by a great majority.

one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence halfpenny toward your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told, that Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him;* and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as Sir John

* Harley, who apparently was a friend to the Protestant succession, had, after the defeat of the Whig ministers, to guard against those of his own party, who, being either determined Jacobites, or high-flying Tories, were resolved not only on victory, but on revenge; and, to balance the furious activity of these factions, which at length, under St. John's guidance, undermined his power, he kept in place a considerable number of the Whig party.

Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's,* and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. — At night. Jack How told Harley, that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Doblane,† (or some such name,) and his own son, and among others, Will Penn the Quaker:‡ we sat two hours,

* Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's.

† George Henry Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son to the Earl of Kinnoul, made a teller of exchequer, August 1711, and a peer of Great Britain, December following.

‡ The celebrated settler of the colony of Pennsylvania. He was in great favour with Queen Anne, and often at court. He died at his seat at Rushcomb, near Twyford, in Buckinghamshire, in 1718.

drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business: entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr. St. John* (secretary of state) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me, (what a comical mistake was that,) I mean, he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse, in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, it is fatal† to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the

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* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

† *i.e.* I am fated to be, &c. We now use the word *fatal* in a more limited sense; but originally it meant generally that which is fated: Thus Dryden,

> O true Plantagenet! O race divine!
> For beauty still is *fatal* to thy line.

first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in* Ireland) and (*we in* England) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what;** but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church.† But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement‡ of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a place for friends to come to. It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish

* These words plainly refer to the "Tale of a Tub," for which he had been severely censured by many of his own profession. The wit of that extraordinary performance could not but point the value of the author as a support to the new administration.

† This is an old argument. Swift was a zealous churchman, and reasoned, that whatever should procure preferment to one devoted to the interest of the church, would be serviceable to it, although inconsistent with the character of a clergyman.

‡ Swift uses the word here and elsewhere in this journal, to signify an excessive, and even extravagant compliment, or a form of expression intended to impose on the hearer.

trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening Sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries; but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too; and yet I would have it to say, that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffeehouse, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there; he is of Ireland: the Bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit; his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so good night, &c.

9. I dined to-day at Sir John Stanley's; my Lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many

here as the Bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! O, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley:* and, faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it; I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my sixth to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.†

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* See Swift's letter to Archbishop King, dated 10th October 1710.

† Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand.

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general, Sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time, for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a shower in London, and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Wall, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town? I writ to her from Chester, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me; so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with Lord Montrath, and carried Lord Mountjoy and Sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half-crowns: and Sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr. Cotte: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing ombre?* But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused.† An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one Captain Lavallin coming from

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* See Journal, October 5th.

† A remarkable testimony in favour of Addison's amiable temper, especially coming from a friend whose friendship was in the very act of becoming chill.

Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors' Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication; and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyet's counterfeiting the stamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the Treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the Duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr.

Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and Lord Galway* one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I do not care twopence whether it be or no.—At night. To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,† a pretty little fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and

* A French Protestant refugee; the same who, being appointed to command the forces in Spain, instead of the too victorious Earl of Peterborough, lost the battle of Almanza.

† Thomas Harrison was educated at Winchester school, and took the degree of Master of Arts at New College, Oxford. He seems to have been a man of lively, pleasing parts, though but an indifferent poet. Woodstocke Park, in Dodsley's Collection, is his composition; and several poems in Nichol's Select Collection of Poetry. We shall presently find him engaged in continuing the Tatler, when given up by Steele. Harrison was, by Swift's interest, made secretary to Lord Raby, afterwards Earl Stafford, then ambassador at Utrecht. But it appears from a letter to our author, dated 16th December 1712, that this office was attended with more honour than profit. His death, which took place on his return to England, 14th Sept. 1712–13, is mentioned by Swift in the course of this Journal, with circumstances that do honour to his heart.

make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teazing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four.* Sir Richard Onslow, we hear, has lost for Surry: and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the Tatler, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler† I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I

* Or rather, they lost the whole four; Sir William Withers, Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, and Mr. John Cass, the members returned for the city, being all Tories, or converts.

† No. 258.

had a letter sent me to-night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows—["Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710."] I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,* or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamed of Stella, &c., so confusedly last night, and that we saw Dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park; and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over:† what shall I do? my fingers itch: and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine

* The paper still bears such a stain.

† That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first.

what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though —Pshaw, it is from Sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton;* she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's† office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets to enclose them in a paper, directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the Bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad:

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* Mrs. Barton was niece to Sir Isaac Newton, and widow of a Colonel Barton. She was witty, beautiful, and a favourite among the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club. She did some prejudice to her reputation by undertaking the superintendence of Lord Halifax's family, but was compensated by a large legacy. Mrs. Barton was married a second time to Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton in his office in the Mint; she survived her husband, and died a widow in 1739. She was a favourite of Swift.

† Joshua Dawson, Esq., Secretary to the Lord Justices of Ireland. He built a fine house in Dawson's Street, which is now the mansion-house of the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

flidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a-penny.—Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my N 2 and N 3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for? Have I anything to do with them!—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great

man who received me very coldly? * that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge: I will remember to bring it over. The Bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler,† about shortening of words, &c. But, God so! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in Lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: Lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied Lord Peterborow for author of them; and Lord Peterborow said, he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously.

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* Lord Godolphin. See the first article of the Journal. The lampoon was the verses on Sid Hamet's Rod, so often mentioned and recurred to below.

† No. 230.

Harley presented me to Lord President of Scotland,* and Mr. Benson, Lord of the Treasury.† Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipt his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison, and supped with Lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it.‡ The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and

* Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, Lord President of the Court of Session.

† Robert Benson, Esq., made a Commissioner of the Treasury, 8th August 1710, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 7th June 1711.

‡ The miscarriage of the box containing these articles is matter of much subsequent speculation in the Journal.

Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine;* but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, Colonel Edgworth;†

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* Claret.

† "It is reported of this Colonel Ambrose Edgworth, that he once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of one day's journey from his house, and that he travelled to see him with his led horse, portmantuas, &c. As soon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three suits of fine clothes, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and shaving plate, disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner? I am going directly home, said the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I cannot stay with you at present; I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his clothes, &c., were packed up, and off he went.

"But what merit soever the colonel might have had to boast of, his son Talbot Edgworth excelled him by at least fifty bars length. Talbot never thought of anything but fine clothes, splendid furniture for his horse, and exciting, as he flattered himself, universal admiration. In these pursuits he expended his whole income, which, at best, was very inconsiderable; in other respects, he cared not how he lived. To do him justice, he was an exceeding handsome fellow, well shaped, and of a good height, rather tall than of the middle size. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to shine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of George the First. He bethought himself very happily of one extravagance, well suited to his disposition: he insisted upon an exclusive right to one board at Lucas's coffeehouse, where he might walk backward and forward, and exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almost universally: but now and then some arch fellow would usurp on his

so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it.* They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the Bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my miscellany. I would give a penny the letter to the Bishop of Killaloe was in it: it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but do not say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with hermitage and tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three

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privilege, take possession of the board, meet him, and dispute his right; and when this happened to be the case, he would chafe, bluster, ask the gentleman his name, and immediately set him down in his table-book, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phrase was, They may look and die. In short, he was the jest of the men, and the contempt of the women."—DEANE SWIFT.

This poor man died mad, in the common bridewell of Dublin.

* It forms No. 238.

weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the Duke of Ormond was this day declared Lord-Lieutenant at Hampton Court, in council.* I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne,† to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr. Curry, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

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* In room of the Earl of Wharton.

† Enoch Sterne, Esq., collector of Wicklow, and clerk to the House of Lords in Ireland.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two Lady Butlers;* but the porter answered, they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election,† that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Would to Heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any-

* Daughters of the Duke of Ormond.

† See Oct. 5. The ballad is, I fear, lost.

thing else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the Earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in Lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth-parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it farther: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of Lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdall.* I hope in

* The Rev. Mr. Tisdall, an admirer of Stella, and who proposed marriage to her. See two letters from Swift to him. From

a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that is Stella's malice.—Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a-year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless

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one of them, it would seem they differed in their politics. "You and I," says Swift, "are Whig and Tory."

I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.*

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time;† and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy, then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. Harley's hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter

* Swift's good intentions in Steele's behalf were misconstrued, to say the least, by that ardent Whig, and rather accelerated the breach which naturally they might have been expected to prevent. See the angry correspondence between Swift and Steele upon this subject.

† These words are remarkable, and proved prophetic. The crisis was indeed of such importance, that every actor and near spectator might well wish to keep a register of all relating to it.

lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the Duke of Ormond; and coming out, met Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me, that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addison, and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve,* who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I,† and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all,

* The celebrated dramatic poet, with whom Swift lived on most friendly terms. He addressed a poem to Congreve so early as November 1693.

† Congreve was born in the year 1672; consequently he was between four and five years younger than Dr. Swift.

&c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how my livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the Bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether Dean Bolton * paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that Dean Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in Dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage.† No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great

* This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was one of the chaplains to Lord Berkeley, when lord-lieutenant; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, upon Swift declining to give a bribe of £1000, demanded by Bushe, Lord Berkeley's secretary.

† When Sterne became Dean of St. Patrick's, he promised Swift, who had assisted him in his election, a living, called "St. Nicholas Without," but by concert with the bishop, contrived to hold it himself, and applied the revenue to build another church; on which occasion, Swift told him he would always respect him, but never look for any friendship from him. Of this he reminds Sterne when bishop, in a letter dated July 1733.

snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that Captain Pratt shall not suffer by Lord Anglesea's death.* I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I will make Sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John! is he gone? and Madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter.† And so you only want some sallad dishes, and plates, and, &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus, *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open:‡ and then

* Probably by recommending him to his brother and successor.

† See his Journal 15th September.

‡ It is actually in a plainer hand.

Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Take two or three nutgalls, take two or three—galls, stop your receipt in your ——, I have no need on't. Here is a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's,* with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman,† oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us: and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman, and says, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest, and said, may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its

* Dryden Leach. Swift afterwards recommended him to Harrison, to print the Tatler, when given up by Steele. But he was discarded by Harrison, the continuator of the work.

† A violent Tory paper.

proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God Lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you,* and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office, (he is under secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England,) and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danae's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt, and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have

* Part of a legacy left to Stella by Sir William Temple.

left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited Lord Pembroke,* who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen: and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better.† I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any farther news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. —I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this

* Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of taste and learning. He was Lieutenant of Ireland in 1707, when he probably became acquainted with Swift. They were both very fond of punning.

† This is one passage among many, tending to show that Swift's political opinions turned chiefly upon zeal for the interests of his order.

being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary: it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart, Lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith —but it must be so, till next time. Pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER VIII.

London, October 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness:* the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at Lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect

* This giddiness, which haunted our author through life, he always imputed to a surfeit of fruit, and consequent indigestion in his younger days. Hence his repeated resolutions to be cautious in eating fruit.

some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the Duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing.* I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs. Walls win constantly, as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I must go write; and so good night.

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* Swift was extremely anxious that Harley should have the full honour of granting the request of the Irish clergy, and was much dissatisfied with the directions he received from the bishops, to solicit from the Duke of Ormond what he judged had been already conceded by the Premier.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.* We have scurvy Tatlers of late; so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as ——.† I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow, that he never minds it.‡ So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content. —At night in bed. Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy, (smoke the new pen.) I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I

* Alluding to the little fond lisping language which they used in their familiar conversation.

† To this piteous truth, Steele's letters bear melancholy testimony. His wife was very fond of money, and totally insensible to wit. She was also better at the active part of giving advice, than Steele at the passive department of profiting by it. Lady Steele's maiden name was Mary Scurlocke, sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlocke, Esq., of the county of Caermarthen.

‡ From the correspondence between Steele and his wife, (Vol. II. Edit. 1787,) it does not seem that he had the means, or she the inclination, to exercise general hospitality. She resided at a little elegant retreat, near Hampton Court, called the Hovel, the same in which Addison lodged the memorable execution for £1000.

have now leave to write to the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from Lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c., and I shall write to the Archbishop of Dublin to-morrow, (I have had no giddiness to-day.) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission, signed by the Primate and Archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that Lord and Lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N. 5, which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and

handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write, and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c., came home, and writ a short letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffeehouse, for I staid at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for Colonel Pride was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again: and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr. D'Avenant* would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr. Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words, that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him, that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on, by Sir Matthew Dudley, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish

* Dr. Davenant, son of the celebrated Sir William Davenant, was bred a physician, but addicted himself to politics. He was the author of many tracts and pamphlets, as well on party disputes, as on the graver subject of political economy. He was a member of parliament, and died inspector of the exports and imports in 1714.

pamphlet, called, the Third Part of Tom Double;* to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling† in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but, to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh, Lieutenant-General Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham,

* In 1704 was published a pamphlet, called "Tom Double against Dr. Davenant, or the learned author of the Essays on Peace at home and War abroad considered, so far as his past actions run counter to his present," &c. The foolish pamphlet, mentioned by Swift, seems to be a continuation of this controversy, by which Davenant could gain little credit, having now changed, for the second time, his political creed, to return to his original Tory faith.

† Gambling seems to stand, in the little language of Swift and Stella, for rambling.

Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, Lord Pembroke, &c., and I have seen her without one Tory. The queen made me a curtsey, and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, How does MD?* I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, Admiral Wager, Sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap,† Madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue

* This, as the reader's understanding will readily suggest, was in Swift's language a "pure bite." He was never introduced at court.

† Night-caps wrought, faced, and embroidered, had been an article of dress since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They were chiefly worn by the graver professions. Those belonging to physicians and privy counsellors were embroidered with gold and silk; but those of clergymen were only black and white, trimmed, however, it would seem, occasionally with fur. Mrs. Kennon, a midwife, and collector of curiosities, had the night-cap of Oliver Cromwell, embroidered with black.—*Granger's Suppl.* Vol. I. p. 165. Additional Notes to Tatler, 1787, Vol. V. p. 415.

MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which wiggs, and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—; and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine.* Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean "That boards near me, that I dine with

* Probably on Taste in Reading, addressed to Sir Andrew Fountaine.

now and then?" I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders.* What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a-week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, Madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of Lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church; it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I, faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to Lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent.* Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing

* The passage in Stella's letter probably alludes to some account she had received of Swift's intimacy with the Vanhomrigh family, which he always passes over slightly. Or she may have heard of a boarding house, where Ford, Sir Richard Levinge, &c., used to dine, mentioned 12th November.

by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond you say is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the Bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my fourth, Madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, Goody Blunder? you frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the meantime? why then I would only say, madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble

servant to command, Presto; and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking?* Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. Secretary St. John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at Lord Montrath's, with Lord Mountjoy, &c., but the wine was not good, so I came away, staid at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather, if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c., and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often: but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must say something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost? I forgot to leave a gap in the

* It is something like the reasoning of a worthy gentleman, who in a letter alleged the badness of his pen as an apology for some inaccuracy in spelling.

last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night: but when I am taking leave, I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at Lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. Secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvvve o'clock, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning, by candle-light. You must know

that I am in my night-gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD, for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

—o—

LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind, that writ Lord Peterborow's actions in Spain.* I staid with them till

* Dr. John Freind, a celebrated physician and philosopher. He was born in 1675, and attended the Earl of Peterborough in his Spanish expedition in 1705. When that gallant general was calumniated on his return to Britain, Dr. Freind wrote an account of his conduct, in which he defended his great actions with a spirit similar to that which had dictated them. Being a steady Tory, he took a share in the defence of Sacheverel. In 1722 he was member of Parliament for Launceston, and falling under the suspicion of government at that dangerous period, was committed to the Tower. On the accession of George II., Dr. Freind came into favour with the court, and died physician to the queen in 1728. He wrote a History of Physic, and other medical treatises.

just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments.* I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment.† His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffeehouse, and the chocolatehouses,‡ and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two

* Prior's writings, however, evince less disposition to literary jealousy than those of any author of the age.

† Indeed he had held the post of secretary of war three years before, but resigned with Harley in 1707.

‡ Sir Henry St. John, father of the statesman, seems to have continued a gay man to the end of his life. In his youth he was tried and convicted for the murder of Sir William Estcourt, in a rencountre.

days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let Lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see Lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will slip in;
But if it be thick,
You may write with a stick.*

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town,† and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond.

* Swift delighted to let his pen run into such rhymes as those, which he generally passes off as old proverbs. They are examples of the almost childish ease with which his Journal was thrown off.

† She was then at Lynn at Norfolk.

I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and Lady Falconbridge * was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance,

* Lord Fauconberg, or Falconbridge, a gentleman of hereditary loyalty, found himself notwithstanding, during the usurpations, glad to marry the Protector's youngest daughter, Mary Cromwell. She is represented as a woman of high talent and spirit, and died 14th March 1712. A nobleman, who had seen Cromwell's remains dug up after the Restoration, venturing to tell her jeeringly that he had seen her father, and that he stunk abominably, she answered, "He was dead, my lord—had he been living, you would have stunk the worst." It was said by Cromwell's family, that "those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better, and had those who wore the petticoats had the breeches, they would have held faster."

and pay him interest in the meantime. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things: and they said, money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother to desire that Lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security; and if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley, that I was yesterday at Ludgate bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid

day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as errant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the Duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, Secretary St. John, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Sir Chancellor Coxcomb, &c. I attended the Duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's Hall, where the Londonderry Society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the desert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge* and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; and I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell

* Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland.

me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley, who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffeehouse, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the

queen, (who was just come to town,) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c., and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a-year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor Lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child;* where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then

* Elliot was keeper of the St. James's Coffeehouse.

went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and Secretary St. John, &c., and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remained of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to Lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the Bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than her's, in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me Lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say with a vengeance. She told Lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tyger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with Secretary St. John; and Lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We staid till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the

other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith.—Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well, but as to Walls, tell him, (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged Lord Hyde* he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the Bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives, and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess.

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* Eldest son of the Earl of Rochester. He became joint vice-treasurer for Ireland; hence his interest with respect to these appointments.

Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton* know, that the request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with Lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. It is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth.† Dr. Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day, he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen, to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the Bishop of Kildare, to call upon me for the papers, &c., and I had last post one from the Archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit.‡ Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and

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* Swift's sister, whom, it is said, he never forgave for marrying a tradesman. He certainly talks of her with little affection, nor would the reader probably have suspected their relationship without a note.

† *i.e.* Lord Peterborough.

‡ The expression of the archbishop is, "I am not to conceal from you, that some expressed a little jealousy, that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers; intimating, that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power."

how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State. So while their letter was on the road to the Duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately,* and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c., for he said, my Lord Duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them,

* This indignant letter is dated 23d November 1710. It produced some contrition in the archbishop, who represented in his exculpation, that the letter to Southwell *was a snare laid in his way*, since, if he declined signing it, it might have been interpreted into disrespect to the Duke of Ormond. See his Letter, 30th November 1711.

that I would take care to send the things, &c., but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

—o—

LETTER X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at West-

minster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente:* Do you understand those two words? and Pompey, Colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes.* We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpenny worth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to everybody. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be

* The footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament used, at this time, to form themselves into a deliberative body, and usually debated the same points with their masters. It was jocularly said, that several questions were lost by the court party in the menial House of Lords, which were carried triumphantly in the real assembly; which was at length explained, by a discovery, that the Scottish peers, whose votes were sometimes decisive of a question, had but few representatives in the convocation of lacqueys.

The sable attendant in question being an appendage of the brother of Mrs. Masham, the reigning favourite, had a title to the chair, the court and Tory interest being exerted in his favour.

used to have me denied to him, otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone.* Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the Court of Requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the Duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the Duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

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* This is an admirable, though concise account of the visit of a country friend to a person engaged in important business. Swift elsewhere regrets his coldness to this honest clergyman.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the Bishop of Clogher, but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the Duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance,* else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles—Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night,

* He was deeply engaged in the various political controversies of that period.

but I was not within, that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth of the Blind Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh, that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, Mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a-day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Presto: and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humble cumdumble, or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till spring? insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things, (which I tell you as a secret;) as soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer: for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor?

why madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.* Ploughing? A pox plough them: they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives.—Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town,† who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer, That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs. Wesley—Why these poligyes‡ for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well?—So, here is Mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the Bishop of Clogher says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all?* &c. I am glad

* The words, "[illegible]ortnight," had been written at first in the infantine jargon which he calls their *little language*, then scratched out, and written plain.

† Trim. An attack upon the liberties of this corporation is numbered among the political offences of Wharton's Lieutenancy of Ireland. See a "Short Character of the Earl of Wharton."

‡ Apologies.

Dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the Bishop of Clogher for writing to the Archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination.* Mrs. Wall, does Stella win as she pretends? No indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so ventursomely, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domvile's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella, your humble servant.* O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, Madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls, that in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and

* That of the reader (if addicted to combination of rhymes) may supply some idea of the dirty jest upon Mrs. Barton's name, which a former editor laments as lost for want of MD's letter.

you have heard me talk about the Shilling.* Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day,† and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The Bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says, you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick Lord Shelburn; they made me dine with them, and there I staid like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord

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* Tatler, No. 249. The paper has not much of Swift's peculiar vein of humour; but the mode of adopting such an ideal and fanciful narrative for conveying instruction or satire was exactly in his manner, and may readily have led Stella into supposing the number was of his composition.

† St. Andrew's day.

Shelburn's giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world: he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of our names.* Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I and Sir Charles Wager dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy: and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two.—Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you,) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost?

* See this Tatler among Swift's other contributions to that work.

Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley,* and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

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* A commissioner of the customs.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then came home, and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the Court of Requests (we have had the devil and all of rain by the by) to pick up a dinner, and Henley made me go dine with him and one Colonel Brag at a tavern, cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffeehouse, where Lord Salisbury* seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see Lord Somers, as I had promised, (which was a lie,) and all to vex poor Lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my Lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and I will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple† in the Court of Requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, Lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths. Let me know; it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir Godfrey

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* James, fifth Earl of Salisbury.

† Nephew of Sir William Temple.

Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit. —It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes: for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say: and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance.* Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fy, O fy.

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, where were Lord Anglesea, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c., and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised; he chid me for not seeing him oftner. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against Lord Wharton, giving the character first,

* Upon the 25th and 28th November.

and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.* It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley, for the love of God, to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.†

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather, that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain, and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor Lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

* This was his own writing, but seems to have been unsuspected at the time. Archbishop King would indeed have hardly otherwise ventured to mention it to Swift in his letter 9th January 1710, as a "wound given in the dark."

† Swift was nervously apprehensive of infectious diseases.

LETTER XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh, (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with Lord Abercorn to-day, and that is enough till by and by; for I must go write idle things, and twittle twattle. What is here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear saucy rogue; and what then, Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the Park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and General Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right, but perhaps this packet boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland, that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So now the puppy's

come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauce-boxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the Bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c., as usual, and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well; they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to-day; I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and Lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the Duke of Richmond yesterday at court again; but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed, and it has rained all this evening, like wildfire. Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck, but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with Sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor-general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from

Mrs. Long,* that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town† with vile conversation.— I will not answer your letter till I have leisure, so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came Lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him, and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c., so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage,‡ and his Irish club, at their boarding place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets. Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.— Why, it seems your packet boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd come shortlies I will consider, so good night.

13. Morning. I am to go trapesing with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You

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* Dated November 18, and indorsed by Swift, "Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died."

† Lynn Regis.

‡ Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.

hear the havock making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and Colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick, and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin, wishing it were Harley himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers and foreign ministers against the late changes at court.* Cadogan has had a little paring; his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy:† but I hope they will go no farther with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How nowww? so very well; stay till I come home, and then perhaps you may hear farther from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls,

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* Lieutenant-General Meredyth's regiment was given to the Earl of Orrery; Major-General Macartney's to Colonel Kane; and Brigadier Honeywood's to Colonel Clayton. These gentlemen alleged, that their offence only amounted to drinking a health to the Duke of Marlborough, and confusion to his enemies. But, it was affirmed, that an example of severity was necessary, as some of the chief officers of the army had dropped doubtful and dangerous expressions about standing by their general, and this at a time when he was suspected of having nourished the ambition of becoming general for life.

† Lieutenant-General Cadogan, the friend and confidant of Marlborough, was at this time envoy to the United Provinces, and the government of Spanish Flanders. He was recalled on this occasion, and replaced by Mr. Richard Hill. Cadogan was raised to an earldom, and died 7th July 1726.

and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace, for, suppose you play your Manilio—O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—At night. Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan, and I, in one coach; Lady Kerry's son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master, (Lord Shelburn's children,) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from Lord Shelburn's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c., then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College, (but the keeper was not at home,) and concluded the night at the puppet-show,* whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting?

* Then in such request, that De Foe, in a pamphlet entitled "*Les Soupirs de la Grande Bretagne*, 1713," says, that the celebrated Mr. Powell, the manager of Punch Theatre, "by subscriptions and full houses, has gathered such wealth as is sufficient to buy all the poets in England."

who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—O then, you kept Presto's little birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam? I suppose you mean *ridiculous:* let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atlantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—It is well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so and so.—I will swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the Bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.* I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher nautinautinauti-dear girls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse

* He seems to have written these words on the reverse of the page, which was therefore to be turned before they could be read.

of yours; prithee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your —— to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is Sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in

raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs, I will rise. —At night. I went to-day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but Lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. Secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite.* Lord Rivers † told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me, that his father, (Sir Harry St. John,) and Lord Rivers, were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, "you shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it; for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall

* In modern cant, *a quiz.*

† Envoy to Hanover.

preach plain honest stuff.* I staid with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter. —Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? Sauce-boxes, I will come back as soon as I can, this is his common phrase, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not, you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe; pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I will bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.†—Pox on your convoca-

* This same sermon was never preached.

† Poor Steele's pecuniary embarrassments, and total improvidence, often led him into misfortunes of this kind.

tion, and your Lamberts;* they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here, (though I say it,) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself.—What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton, to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined today with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele

* Dr. Lambert was chaplain to Lord Wharton. He was censured in the lower house of convocation of Ireland as author of a libelling letter.

a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him.* I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva: and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips.†

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings; forgot it? well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear, but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mopsticks, will not spoil it, sirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to Goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,‡ and that Ingoldsby

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* This occasioned a mortal quarrel between Steele and Swift. See their correspondence in Vol. III.

† Ambrose Philips, a zealous Whig. Swift's application in his favour was unsuccessful; or rather, was not prosecuted, for they soon afterwards quarrelled upon the score of party.

‡ The equestrian statue of King William, erected after the battle of the Boyne, in the College Green, Dublin, was worshipped with public honours, or defaced and insulted, as the wind of party chanced to blow among the youth of Ireland. The dishonour here alluded to took place on the 25th of June, when some disorderly young students wrenched the sword or truncheon from its hand, daubed the face with dirt, and offered it many other indignities. The House of Commons, in their address to Lord Wharton, previous to his resigning the office of Lord-Lieutenant, took very warm notice of the outrage, as the work

reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on about my own stock; go on, did I say? why I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I will rise, for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf,* and I was soliciting this day, to present the Bishop of Clogher † vice chancellor; ‡ but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and Sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son

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of the enemies of their happy establishment, who envied their late glorious sovereign the honour of a statue, erected as a testimony how much was owing to their deliverer from popery and slavery. The city of Dublin was at the expence of repairing the damaged statue. It was alleged as one reason of this affront, that the figure was erected with its face to the city, and its back to the entrance of the College. Swift, who had no personal reason to love King William, seems anxious that the performers of this freak should escape unpunished.

* The celebrated epicure. His proper name was Dartiquenef, which, being neither easy to spell or pronounce, sunk into Darteneuf.

† Dr. St. George Ashe.

‡ Of the University of Dublin.

William. I talked a great deal to Sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's Church, and abundance went, among the rest Lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the Duke of Buckingham,* but came too late; then I visited

* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, familiarly called by the wits of the time *John of Bucks.* He did himself honour by patronizing Dryden from an early period, and in his latter days

Mrs. Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with Lord Shelburn, for the death of poor Lady Shelburn dowager; he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the Bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the Duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol; however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the Archbishop of Tuam,* and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire, (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a-week), and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? Poor Lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took

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was the friend of Pope. Swift hints at some cause for not visiting him, which he had overcome with difficulty. It is certain he never loved or esteemed him.

* Dr. John Vesey, Bishop of Limerick, June 11th, 1672; translated to Tuam, March 18th, 1678. He died in 1716. It would seem that Swift's friend, the Bishop of Clogher, had solicited his interest for the place.

his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I'll write
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs. Boldface.

At night. Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refuse Henley and everybody, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health, then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the Duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, Lord Berkeley's steward formerly; I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an

emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded seat.* —Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley; it was a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I mean Colonel Caufield, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday; and so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. Harley's levee on purpose to vex him; I will say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says, it is a dark morning, and that the Duke of Argyle is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says, there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's.—At night. I forgot to tell you, Madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case; I am sorry I did not buy you such another case, but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer. Pray, have you no farther commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me; I

* Sex. The doctor reflects on this lady for her choice of "so great a dunce as Ferris."

thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to everybody.—At night. I went to Mr. Harley's levee; he came and asked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper* came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to Sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper, so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the coffeehouse; I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter; what will you lay, is there one from MD or no; No, I say; done for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me?—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs. Stratford and I dine to-day with Lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at Lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study; our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather, till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get £12 for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me

* Sir Simon Harcourt, formerly Attorney General, but now Keeper of the Great Seal.

at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly, you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good-night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessing, yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too, &c.

Ask the Bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of Lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in Lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER XII.

London, December 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at Lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-

fruits: I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to 'court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson: very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray when came you from thence, sir? He said, I never was in Ireland: and just at that word Lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau with a

pox.* I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to Lord Winchelsea, &c., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where Sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain,† which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MDs in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr. White and Mr. Red,
Write to MD when abed;
Mr. Black and Mr. Brown,
Write to MD when you are down;
Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow,
Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand s—ks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not

* This Vedeau seems to have been a shopkeeper, but abandoned his trade for the army. See Journal for March 28th, and April 4th 1710–11.

† The loss of the battle of Villa Viciosa, and with it all the fruits of Lord Peterborough's unprecedented success. General Stanhope was made prisoner at Brihuega with all his English forces.

catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good-night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fort-night's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to court at two. It was a collar-day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the queen staid so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn; that is very well.—I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues, and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes;* a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that fellow pretend to cure agues? I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell.* That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of Lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke,* and has got a commission, but I never asked

* *i.e.*, as a shopkeeper.

him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got £12 by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd, that my Lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas, that he would venture his head upon it, and give us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my Lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my Lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And it is an old saying,

Once I guessed right,
And I got credit by it;
Thrice I guessed wrong,
And I kept my credit on.

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

20. By the Lord Harry I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues at the coffee-house have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer. There is an enmity between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin, and Mr.

Bernage; the latter sends me a melancholy account of Lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times everybody is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse, and talked with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true.

> Letters from MDs
> Must not be answered in ten days:

It is but bad rhyme,* &c.

28. To-day I had a message from Sir Thomas

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* In which Swift, even in these metrical effusions, was usually very accurate.

Hanmer to dine with him: the famous Dr. Smallridge * was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St Alban Street, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me, whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago), and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and Lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came Lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away at six, but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he had got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of

* Afterwards Bishop of Bristol, and remarkable as well for polite learning as for controversial skill. He was at this time a pillar of the high church.

Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c.* He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford, (do you know what *quandum* is though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter, N. 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like. —I made a pun the other day to Ben Portlack about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that is mine a—— all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me

* Harley's great defect as a statesman was his miserable spirit of procrastination.

go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr. St. John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

> Would you answer MD's letter,
> On New-year's-day you will do it better:
> For when the year with MD 'gins,
> It without MD never lins.

These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.

> But if on New-year you write nones,
> MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with Secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the Duke of Marlborough,* who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as Hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He

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* The Duke of Marlborough arrived in England on the 28th December, and immediately waited on the queen, with whom he had a private audience of half an hour.

told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs.* Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin.† So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I

* It must be remembered, that at one time the duke was accounted a Tory, and imprisoned as a Jacobite in the Tower, upon a calumnious accusation. With some moderate management, it is possible he might have been induced to serve under the Tory administration of 1710. But the hatred which subsisted between his duchess and Mrs. Masham, who had succeeded her in Queen Anne's favour, prevented even an attempt at keeping measures with this great general.

† Swift did not read very well. In a lively letter to Bolingbroke, he threatens, among other denunciations, to read verses to him till he should snatch them out of his hand.

wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr.* Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction.† I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer.
That I was there, or you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I says; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, Madam Stella? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your eighth. Do

* Presto.
† By Swift himself.

not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? and so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives. ——————————— I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and everything. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

> I hate all winds, before and behind,
> From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My Lord Hertford* would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self off it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but *quando?* I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of Lady S. Will

* Son to the Duke of Somerset.

nobody cut that D——y's throat!* Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants.—The Bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet.† Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say anything. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know anything of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet; thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto. You write to Lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when Lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it?—Well, Madam Dingley, I sent your

* It is unnecessary to rip up the circumstances of this unhappy match, which the lady did not long survive. It has been already repeatedly mentioned in the course of the journal.

† He alludes to the pamphlet written by Swift himself, and entitled, "A Short Character of his Ex. T. E. of W. L. L. of I—, with an account of some smaller Facts, during his Government, which will not be put into the Articles of Impeachment. London, Printed for William Coryton, Bookseller, at the Black Swan, on Ludgate-hill, 1711. Price 4d."

inclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a-week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bedchamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already?—Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them in daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? the D—— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne* told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella teaze Presto? that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me: how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting anything that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. ********** See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased

* Enoch Sterne, Esq., clerk to the House of Lords in Ireland, and collector of Wicklow.

with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one Lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses,* nor Religion,† nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands, that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband.

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* Tatler, No. 260. It is a lecture on the art by which

> —— learned Taliacotius from
> The brawny party of Porter's bum
> Cut supplemental noses ——

This was a subject in Swift's manner; but the paper was written by Addison and Steele jointly.

† This seems to be the No. 257, where there is a personification of the Church of England, with the various religions of Popery, Judaism, and Deism, on her right hand; Presbytery, Quakerism, and other fanatical sects, on her left. The paper has something of Swift's emblematical manner, but, like the former, was written by Addison and Steele.

I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or anybody else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives, they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world.* He

* Steele's last Tatler, No. 271, is written in a bold and manly tone. On the subjects of politics he only says, "What I find is the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have, in some places in it, touched upon matters which concern both church

never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after * to-morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home, an't please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of Sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall

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and state. All I shall say for this is, that the points I alluded to are such as concerned every Christian and freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of these characters."

* *After* is interlined.

I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you to come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say, they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry: and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury, we think, is to be dean of Christchurch in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.*—What is all this to you? what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so; yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my Lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord —— came up to me, and asked me, &c. No, said I, my Lord —— never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly.† I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The

* They were great friends; Atterbury, however, succeeded.
† Dillon Ashe.

puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired Lord Herbert to tell me, I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast.—I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: it is a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

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LETTER XIII.

London, Jan. 4, 1710–11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer.* I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him Lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c.† So I write to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from

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* Probably Mrs. Manley, who then wrote the Examiner, and Barber, the printer, by whom she is said to have been kept.

† This was done accordingly; and Peterborough, in answer to five questions put to him by the House of Lords, gave such a recital of the affairs of Spain, as to call down a censure, both on the ministry who had directed that the campaign of 1707 should be offensively conducted, and upon the Earl of Galway, under whose conduct it miscarried.

Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till Sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire, after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-

room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as anybody. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor.* Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our Dean of St. Patrick's.—Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, buzzing about the cakeshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller,† and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was going to our end of the town: so I dined with Thomas Frankland, at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper that he was turned out, but Secretary St. John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

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* He was made prolocutor to the Lower House of Convocation.

† Mr. Bateman, in Little Britain.

7. Morning. Your new lord-chancellor * sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp,† a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other: but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week; and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then, said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so there —now to business; there, I say, get you gone: no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—So—Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr. Secretary St. John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at Sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be em-

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* Sir Constantine Phipps.

† Joseph Trapp, a divine of parts and learning, but an indifferent poet. He was educated in Wadham College, Oxford, and is said to have been chaplain to Sir Walter St. John, father of the secretary; a connection which probably opened his way to the preferment mentioned in the text. Trapp's version of Virgil was an unfortunate attempt, for which his Latin translation of the Paradise Lost was no atonement. He died in 1747.

broiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough.* The country members† are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general

* "Marlborough, who, but a few months before, had been so highly esteemed and caressed by the representatives of the people, was now become the object of parliamentary hatred and censure, though no sensible alteration had happened in his conduct or success. That hero, who had retrieved the glory of the British arms, won so many battles, subdued such a number of towns and districts, humbled the pride, and checked the ambition of France, secured the liberty of Europe, and, as it were, chained victory to his chariot wheels, was, in a few weeks, dwindled into an object of contempt and derision. He was ridiculed in public libels, and reviled in private conversation. Instances were everywhere repeated of his fraud, avarice, and extortion; his insolence, cruelty, ambition, and misconduct; even his courage was called in question, and this consummate general was represented as the very lowest of mankind. So unstable is the popularity of every character that fluctuates between two opposite sides of faction."—SMOLLET'S *History*.

† These afterwards formed the body called the October Club.

who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to anybody alive? But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, anything that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. Secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid, but what care I? Here has been Mrs. South with me, just come from Sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs. South half a pistole, for a new-year's gift. So good morrow,

dears both, till anon. — At night. Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley came to visit Mr. St. John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do. So at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MDs, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith; I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall-Mall, and he sells great hugeous batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. Secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night; to poor dear MD.— At night. O, faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the

carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and Sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer.* So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day, which I did, and sent excuses to Lord Shelburn, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a

* The lady, as the reader will be pleased to remember, expected to be confined.

holiday.* Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise.† I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much

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* Harley had a large share of the *volto sciolto* recommended to politicians, although the Duchess of Marlborough alleges, that a "constant awkward motion, or rather agitation of his head and body," betrayed what her Grace calls "a turbulent dishonesty within, even in the midst of all these familiar airs, jocular bowing, and smiling, which he always affected to cover what could not be covered."

† It can hardly be believed, that so proud a woman as the duchess would have made such a proposal as is mentioned in the text. But it seems certain that the duke would have been contented to retain his command abroad, even after his wife's disgrace. This the Whigs attributed to patriotism and greatness of soul. The Tories, on the other hand, failed not to insinuate, that the emoluments of the duchess at court were trifling, compared with those which the duke derived from his situation as commander-in-chief, and that he was content to wink at the loss of the former, though attended with some disgrace, rather than take revenge on himself and the queen at once, by relinquishing his command, and all that was attached to it.

in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand, that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors.* I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:—

> From business and the noisy world retired,
> Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired;
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and —— like a goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then it is too late, and I will so laugh,

* "The inventors of the straps for razors," says the Tatler, No. 224, "have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness."

never saw the like! It is spring with us already, I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a-day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly a while with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; * but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrall's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny! † I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise that whatever changes are made in the council, the Bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I

* Sir John Holland's.

† There is an old poem so entitled.

will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time, when you be writing, girls.—O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., comes sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoyte and Walls, has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do extravagant sluttikin, but do not fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,* and I think they are more honest than

* *i.e.* the present ministers.

the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c. &c.

—o—

LETTER XIV.

London, January 16, 1710–11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as anybody in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have

not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the Court of Requests and Treasury to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then I called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth. Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko, he is in love with Miss Cross.—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage * tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, "That he had as much power with me as you," was a notable one; if you were here, I

* This gentleman is afterwards repeatedly mentioned. Swift's interest seems to have been of great service to him. From his using the French language, he seems to have been of a refugee family. In acknowledgment of Swift's favours, he sent him a present of medals from Rome.

would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the meantime, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. Secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company staid, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us.* When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against

* Harley used to drink hard. When the queen quarrelled with him, she alleged as one cause, that he frequently came to an audience intoxicated. The Whig libels all upbraid him with this vice.

something I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you, fy Stella, are not you ashamed? well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep; I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith have not you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

> Would you have a settled head,
> You must early go to bed:
> I tell you, and I tell it again,
> You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come toward me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah; of the fourth, a gad, a gad, a gad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; ay marry this is some-

thing, this is our MD, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus; Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh? tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir; then I will rise; come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

> Walk fast in snow,
> In frost walk slow,
> And still as you go,
> Tread on your toe:
> When frost and snow are both together,
> Sit by the fire and spare shoe leather.

I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do

so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots * with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.—Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs. —At night. I went this morning to Lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city, by appointment: but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had given a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—At night. O faith I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to Lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment.

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* For which nation Swift had no partiality.

The Earl of Berkeley is going to be married to Lady Louisa Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to Dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, *surely we shall have your tenth;* and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the Bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The Bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except Lord Halifax, and him very seldom; Lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal.* My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for

* Swift, probably from some feeling of disappointed ambition, seems to have entertained a great dislike to Somers; for to Macky's (or rather Davis's) character of that statesman, he added, "I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence."

the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic Madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, Madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook,* and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water, (I mean decent, do not be rogues,) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D— to answer my letters; sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer.† Fy, child, you must not

* About a mile from Dublin.

† Probably the severe character of Lord Wharton.

mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's * so soon, you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. Mrs. Wells at Donnybrook with you; why is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage,† I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little; but if the regiment goes,

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* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, when in Dublin, lodged opposite to St. Mary's church in Stafford Street.

† See before, 16th January.

he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay your's before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.——

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I past my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to Secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him; a creature of the Duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry;* so he came

* It was strongly asserted, that the Duke of Marlborough, to retain his high command and all its emoluments, would have been contented to act under Queen Anne's new ministry. It cannot be doubted, that this would have been highly acceptable to Harley and St. John. But all their success had originated in the jealousy which the queen had begun to entertain of the Duchess of Marlborough, and in her favour to Mrs. Masham. Though therefore the statesmen and general might have subdued their passions to the tone of their interest, this was not to be expected of the rival favourites, of whom neither party was independent.

out of his closet; and after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.——

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day Lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten, and I will go to bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours

till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity, and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

—o—

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710–11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person;* that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as

* Probably the Earl of Wharton.

smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, Madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife,* and some others, sirrah?† I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, Lady Lucy's

* Mrs. Beaumont.

† Swift threw this observation into rhyme, in the famous verses on his own death:

> Yet should some neighbour feel a pain,
> Just in the parts where I complain,
> How many a message would he send,
> What hearty prayers that I should mend;
> Inquire what regimen I kept,
> What gave me ease, and how I slept,
> And more lament when I am dead,
> Than all the snivellers round my bed.

sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there; however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at Lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.* I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning, my cousin, Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go,) one from the Archbishop of Dublin, and the other from ——. Who do you think the other was from? —— I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, N. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, noooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet,

* At this house Swift seems to have found little quarter: upon a former visit he mentions their railing at the description of a City Shower, which they affected to mistake for Prior's composition.

little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. —Well; he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong, I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold. I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young woman, I would give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle.

Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy.—At night. Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more, if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw.* He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of these oddcome-shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will

* See Journal for 6th January.

cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something,* which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs.* Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it, if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—You must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs?† I met Mr. Harley in the

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* This alludes to an offer of a £50 bank-note from Harley to the dean. See Journal of March 7, 1710–11.

† It is well the *bite* is at length explained; else a modern editor must have held it his bounden duty to hunt this enigmatical advice to Apronia, through all the penny pamphlets and broadsides of the time.

Court of Requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass-case, at the coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master. But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your letter to-night, perhaps I will not; that is, as saucy little Presto takes the humour.—At night. I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a potlid, upon our snow. I dined with Lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night, and rains this morning. Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this, and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As

for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry, at his house in Capel Street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man everywhere and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything enough but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of Goodman Peasly and Isaac, I answer as I did before.* Fy, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterward, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I am glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here; it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell is admirable. You may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him or his again. No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot; nobody doubts

* He alludes to some pamphlet, of which he was the suspected, and, perhaps, real author. It is now unknown.

here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you gave of that weekly paper* agrees with us here. Mr Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it, but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a-day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, Madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? —Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister, in Chester; and that Colonel Edgworth's widow goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it to you safe; so there is some hopes now.† Well, let us go on to your letter. The warrant is passed for the first-fruits. The queen does not send a letter, but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen; I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to you.‡ What, is not

* The Examiner.

† It is a whimsical consequence of reading this strange medley of politics, puns, sentiment, affectionate trifling, and private affairs, that the reader at length takes an interest in the most minute domestic detail, and is probably as much pleased as the Doctor, to find that this long missing box, with all its miscellaneous contents, is likely to reach MD at last.

‡ Queen Anne's objections to Swift's religious principles, as author of the TALE OF A TUB, were found invincible by her ministers. This they carefully concealed from him: but the same dislike which proved an insuperable impediment to his gaining

Mrs. Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so, Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman* will be grumbling again in a little time; and, if you are invited anywhere to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. O, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see anybody. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper that made me mistake.——I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the Duke of Argyle,† his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the

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promotion in England, probably prevented his having the honour he alludes to in the text.

* Mrs. De Caudres, the landlady of MD.

† The duke was now about to assume the command in Spain.

army, so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write, if I know where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and, upon occasions extraordinary, I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for the candle ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write these two lines by candle light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon, of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrows, little sorrohs, that is for the rhyme.* You want politics: faith, I cannot think of any, but maybe at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

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* In the original, *good mollows, little sollahs.* But the passage, not certainly for the sake of the rhyme, has hitherto been translated, *good morrow, little sirrahs.*

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the Duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter that you may not stay.—I dined with Ford upon his opera day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes, without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to-*night*.*

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I sent a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton, and I direct it to Mr. Acton's in St. Michael's Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the Duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

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* Those letters in italics, in the original, are very large.

LETTER XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710–11.

I HAVE just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you will have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my Lord Keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens.*—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr. Cope's† lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon, and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose? fine diversions for young ladies,

* A shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

† Robert Cope, Esq., a gentleman of learning, good fortune, and family, and a correspondent of Dr. Swift's. It was at his lodgings that an odd adventure took place between Swift and the Serjeant at Arms of the House of Commons.

truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for twopence a-piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John: I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the Duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and Colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off Lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness,

but only some little disorders toward it: and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve,* who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch; it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. † It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's birth-day, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, ‡ and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, Lord Shelburn, Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going

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* Congreve appears to have been much beloved by Swift. So early as 1693, our author addressed the inimitable comic dramatist in a copy of verses, and ever after they seem to have been intimate friends. The gentleness of Congreve's temper afforded no asperity at which Swift's ardent and haughty spirit might have taken offence; and it is probable, that in the present passage and others, inferring kind feelings towards Congreve, Swift only repaid kindly notice received from that poet when he was himself in a dependent situation.

† No. 14 of Harrison's volume. It is reprinted in the excellent edition of THE TATLER, with notes, 1786.

‡ This is one of the very few instances in which Swift mentions Vanessa incidentally in his Journal to Stella.

to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses.* He had a fine living given him by the Bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the Court of Requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H——, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stepped out and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at Sir John Germain's, and found Lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for Lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl,† is

* Richard Duke, preferred by the Bishop of Winchester to the living of Witney in Gloucestershire. He was educated at Cambridge; was a friend of Otway, who addressed a poem to him, and a contributor to Dryden's Miscellany. If not a prolific poet, Dr. Duke was an efficient divine, and fifteen of his sermons were printed in 1715. Moreover, his poems were collected and edited with those of Roscommon in 1717.

† The third Earl of Berkeley. Notwithstanding the disadvantageous character here given him by Swift, he was a gallant sea-officer, and distinguished himself under Rooke and Shovel in the Mediterranean. He defeated a squadron commanded by Du Guay Trouin, one of the few excellent naval officers whom the

married to the Duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow; it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home: so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,* and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that Lord-keeper and Secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord-keeper, the secretary,

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French annals can boast. He died at Aubigny in France, August 1736. His wife, Lady Louisa Lennox, predeceased him some years, having died of the small-pox in 1716–17, aged only twenty-three years.

* Mr. Richard Estcourt, a player and dramatic writer, celebrated in THE SPECTATOR, and other works of the time. His talents for mimicry and conviviality made him welcome to the joyous festivals. He was *Providore* of the Beef-steak Club when first instituted, and wore, in honour of his office, a small golden gridiron, suspended around his neck by a silken ribbon.

and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them, I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to anybody; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early, and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for Lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St. Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; an't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a

hundred parliamentmen of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads.* The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands.† The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, that, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able

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* This club of country gentlemen, swayed by their prepossessions, and totally unable to discover, through the mist of prejudice, either the true road to their party's interest, or to their country's, nearly ruined, by their embarrassing violence, the administration which, as Tories, it was most their business to support.

† When Queen Anne dismissed Godolphin, the Duke of Beaufort told her he could now call her in reality Queen. She was naturally in no hurry to surrender the power, which she was taught to consider that she had but just reclaimed.

to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where Sir Andrew Fountaine dined too, who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I sat awhile, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I knew not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, Colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; and Secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be gossip? I will rise, so, do you hear, let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is—something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to set out but

last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since, that it is safe at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat,* and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I

* Prior, as Swift elsewhere mentions, was a slight thin figure.

dined with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glass? Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought your palsy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs. Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is N. 16, and I have had your N. 10. But I reckon you have

received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister of state hunting in the Court of Requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green: it is as good as our Park, but not so large. Faith this summer we will take a coach for sixpence to the Green Well, the two walks and thence all the way to Stoyte's. My hearty service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconstant I am? I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now.* I do not design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I will write *large* or small as I please. O, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele.*

O Lord, I am saying lele, lele, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key-general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

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* In his little infantine jargon, he writes the word There, Lele.

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710–11.

Now, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the Duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, on condition I might choose my company, which were Lord Rivers, Lord Carteret, Sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr. Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not

done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French, and Dr. Travors, and Dr. Wittingham, and Mr. (I forgot his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary about some business, and he tells me that Colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the Duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of neither, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why do not you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk?

27. Dartineuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James, I know not his other name, but it is one of

Dartineuf's dining places, who is a true epicure.* James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died, and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and have not guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together, though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up everything I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know

* Lord Lyttleton has given a dialogue in the shades between Dartineuf and Apicius, on the subject of good eating, ancient and modern. Ham-pie is stated by the modern to have been his favourite dainty. Dartineuf was a contributor to THE TATLER, and, being a friend to the bottle as well as the table, wrote a good defence of the cheerful use of wine, in No. 282. He was paymaster of the works.

nothing of it, it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.*. Tooke pretends

* Swift alludes to "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. London, printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1711." *Octavo.* Notwithstanding the expressions in the text, it may be doubted whether he was not at least privy to this publication, which is in a respectable form, and carefully corrected. In the prefatory advertisement, he is spoken of with high respect; and two political pieces, which there was some delicacy in positively fixing upon him, namely, the letter concerning the Sacramental Test, and the satire on Godolphin, called "Sid Hamet's Rod," are only ascribed to him hypothetically.

The publisher's advertisement, after stating the number of spurious copies of these tracts already current as an apology for sending forth a correct edition, proceeds in the following complimentary strain towards the author:—

"But indeed I have very little uneasiness upon me for fear of any injury the author's credit and reputation may receive from any imperfection or uncorrectness in these following tracts, since the persons from whom I had them, and in whose hands I have reason to believe the author left them, when his affairs called him out of this kingdom, are of so much worth themselves, and have so great a regard for the author, that I am confident they would neither do, nor suffer anything that might turn to his disadvantage. I must confess I am, upon another account, under some concern, which is, lest some of the following papers are such as the author perhaps would rather should not have been published at all; in which case I should look upon myself highly obliged to ask his pardon: But even on this supposition, as there is no person named, the supposed author is at liberty to disown as much as he thinks fit of what is here published, and so can be chargeable with no more of it than he pleases to take upon himself.

"From this apology I have been making, the reader may in part be satisfied how these papers came into my hands; and to give him a more particular information herein, will prove little to his use, though, perhaps, it might somewhat gratify his curiosity, which I shall think not material any farther to do, than by assuring him, that I am not only myself sufficiently convinced, that all the tracts in the following collection, excepting two, before both of which I have in the book expressed my doubtfulness, were wrote by the same hand; but several judicious persons, who are well acquainted with the supposed author's writings, and not altogether strangers to his conversation, have agreed with me herein,

he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanack for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap year. The almanack says it is the third after leap year, and I always thought till now, that every third year was leap year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the Bishop of Clogher; good morrow, sirrahs.——Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and Lady Betty Butler knowing it, sent to let me know she expected

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not only for the reasons I have before hinted at, but upon this account also, that there are in every one of these pieces some particular beauties that discover this author's vein, who excels too much not to be distinguished, since, in all his writings, such a surprising mixture of wit and learning, true humour and good sense, does everywhere appear, as sets him almost as far out of the reach of imitation, as it does beyond the power of censure.

"The reception that these pieces will meet with from the public, and the satisfaction they will give to all men of wit and taste, will soon decide it, whether there be any reason for the reader to suspect an imposition, or the author to apprehend an injury; the former, I am fully satisfied, will never be, and the latter, I am sure, I never intended; in confidence of which, should the author, when he sees these tracts appear, take some offence, and know where to place his resentment, I will be so free as to own, I could, without much uneasiness, sit down under some degree of it, since it would be no hard task to bear some displeasure from a single person, for that for which one is sure to receive the thanks of everybody else."

my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke; so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was *traipsing** to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folk's affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with Lord Abercorn, whose son Peasley will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee; he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the Duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first-fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday Lord Keeper, Secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes Lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, N. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right: O, but I will

* Swift, who usually calls his favourites sluts and jades, converts the cant-word *trapes*, or trollops, into a verb, to describe his gallanting them.

not answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, everything depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the first-fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your Duchess of Somerset,* who now has the key, is

* Lady Elizabeth Percy, sole daughter and heir of Josceline, Earl of Northumberland. She was married during her non-age first to the Earl of Ogle, and afterwards to Thomas Thynne, Esq.,

a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.* I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for somebody else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your

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of Longleat Hall, who was murdered in Pall-Mall, by assassins hired by Count Konigsmark. This twice-married lady became notwithstanding the maiden bride of Charles, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset. She was in high favour with Queen Anne; and her influence tended for a long time to counterbalance, in some degree, that of Mrs. Masham, on which the Tory interest rested. For although the Duke of Somerset had given some assistance in displacing the ministry of Godolphin, he did not by any means approve of their successor.

The Duchess of Somerset had obtained the post of groom of the stole, when Mrs. Masham was made keeper of the privy purse, both in room of the Duchess of Marlborough.

* Mrs. Masham made use of her influence with the queen, to prevail on her to admit Harley to private audiences, in which was planned the displacing of the Whig administration. The Duchess of Somerset had now an opportunity of playing back, as Swift expresses it, the same game.

Manley's, or your Walls's. But your lodgings make you so proud, you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the Bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the Duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the Protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side, I am not come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, Madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with Goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cypher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He * gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpio-

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* Mr. Harley.

nufnad,* which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'ennight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely as you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said, it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now Madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a-week, and neither eat nor drink for it?—Who the D— said Atterbury and your dean were alike?—I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.

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* A bank bill for fifty pounds. See before Journal of February 8, 1710–11.

—Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS. Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober, as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language* I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November was twelvemonth? poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little day-light to write to Presto? well, well, we will have day-light shortly, spite of her teeth; and *zoo*† *must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele*

* Many passages are spelled according to the *little language* so often mentioned, of which the reader will presently find a specimen.

† "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow."

aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.— At night. Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner: and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing Lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley.* Guiscard was taken up by Mr.

* The Count, or Abbé de Guiscard, a malcontent Frenchman of quality, was taken into some favour during the ministry of Godolphin, had a foreign regiment in British pay, and a pension from the queen. But having fallen into indigence, partly from his own prodigality, and partly from being neglected by the new administration, he resolved to improve his finances by opening a treasonable correspondence with France. Being detected, apprehended for high treason, and brought before the Council-board for examination, he wounded Mr. Harley with a penknife in a fit of despair, and received himself so many stabs and bruises from the counsellors present, and from the messengers who rushed in

Secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of mending increases. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr.

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to apprehend him, that he died in prison. The whole transaction is minutely narrated in a narrative, drawn up by Mrs. Manley, under Swift's direction, and reprinted in this edition of his works.

The broken manner in which Swift tells the tale, at once does honour to his feelings, and to the warmth of his friendship for Harley.

Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things; First, about a hundred pounds from Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged Colonel Disney,* who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised

* Commonly called Duke Disney, the friend and companion of General Withers.

to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major-general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

An't you sauceboxes to write *lele* [i.e. *there*] like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

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LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710–11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this acci-

dent to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in.* Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening, broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeaters' skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when

* The Whigs, who composed the moneyed interest, endeavoured to distress public business, by selling out of the funds, &c.; but Harley contrived to form some connections in the city, particularly with Mr. John Lambert, a wealthy French merchant, whose purse supplied the urgent necessities of government. Lambert was knighted for the accommodations he afforded upon this occasion.

the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things, but I wish I had Mrs. Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow, and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. Secretary St. John's for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe,—secretary to Lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see Lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck

of it;* for about ten days ago, I was to see Lord Carteret; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near Lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. Secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious.† I am sorry he is dying; for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.‡

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the

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* Dr. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very apprehensive of it.

† He concealed from the surgeons one of his worst, and most fatal wounds, until it was in a festered state.

‡ Guiscard was observed to lurk a good deal about the palace previous to his apprehension; and, in his treasonable correspondence, hinted more than once at a great blow shortly to be struck in England; which was interpreted to imply a design on the queen's person.

pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John ten days ago, before my lord-keeper and Lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind, (what was it?)

18. I was to-day at court to look for the Duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering

money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John, and staid till seven, but would not drink his champaign and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, tossed up my leg on the seat; and, as I came home, I went to see poor Charles Bernard's books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arburthnot,* to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts, (pox on these ministers,) and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get

* The name is pronounced in Scotland as spelled by Swift. His friendship with Arbuthnot was now just commencing.

over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy; and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood comes out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the House is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money; do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from

you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy Presto? Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That is the man that knows everything, and that everybody knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get toward it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the Duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-book, &c., but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with Sir John Perceval,* and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman: and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that

* Created Baron Perceval, April 21, 1715; Viscount Perceval, Feb. 25, 1722; and Earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733.

the Pretender is going to be married to the Duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone,* and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

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LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710–11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the Bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators? Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, N. 11. I

* The Scottish lords were not judged, it would seem, safe depositaries of a piece of news so essential to the Stuart family.

am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes; God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts everything backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord-keeper: it is not shaving day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. Secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. De Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church;* and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my Lady Southwell, and there's Lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by

* Mrs. De Caudres was their French landlady, formerly mentioned, and lived opposite to St. Mary's church.

his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound, &c., and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in.* 'Tis hard that our laws would not allow us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe,† who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his

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* "His dead body being ordered to be preserved in pickle, the keeper of the prison showed it to all comers for a small piece of money, not without bestowing on the carcase those opprobrious epithets the living man had so well deserved. Of which indignities offered to human nature, the pious queen was no sooner informed, than she commanded one of the secretaries of state to give orders for his burial, which was done accordingly, in the Green Church-yard of Christ-Church, the common burying place of the malefactors that die in Newgate."—BOYE'S *Annals of Queen Anne*, Vol. IX. p. 341. No service was performed over his body; but the sexton thought proper to exercise his wit in this formula:

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;
If God won't have him the Devil must.

† "Contrary to the usual custom, Mr. Bussiere (the surgeon who had first dressed the wound) was not sent for any more to attend Mr. Harley, which, however, did not proceed from any ill opinion that was entertained of his known abilities, either by Mr. Harley himself, or any of his honourable family, but only from the jealousy of a physician who refused to consult with Mr. Bussiere, though Mr. Green, Mr. Harley's chirurgeon in ordinary, earnestly desired his assistance."—*Political State of Europe for April* 1711.

wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day, from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekins, for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I: yes, says I, whose hand is this? then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I won't. I'll make you

wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum.* What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.—At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau,† ay, Vedeau, now I have it: let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast day for the public; so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the lord-treasurer,‡ to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the meantime; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller§ told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the Park.—What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city, and see Charles Bernard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy N. 12?

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* A exchequer tally.

† See Journal December 24. Swift had seen Vedeau (who, it seems, was a tradesman) at court, and in scarlet, and is therefore apprehensive he had become bankrupt, and gone into the army. See March 4. He had sold his share in the shop, bought a lieutenant's commission, and gone to Portugal.

‡ The Earl of Godolphin, late lord-treasurer.

§ Sir John Holland. He was shortly after displaced, to make way for Sir Thomas Mansel.

I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a-fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear. I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. Secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will discharge him.* Sir Thomas Mansel,† one of the lords of

* The words, *At night*, must here be supplied.

† He retreated from the office of comptroller of the household, when Harley lost the situation of secretary, in 1707; and returned to office upon the formation of the Tory ministry, when he was made a lord of the treasury, and shortly afterwards replaced as comptroller, on Sir John Holland's removal.

the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.*

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April

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* In one great *now*, superior to an age,
The full extremes of nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death must feel,
The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame;
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffused the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land;
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop; I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke,* and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel asked where we dined? We said, together. He said, we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said, I would dine with him to choose; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a-year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease. 'Tis your fault; pray, and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The Duke of Buckingham's house fell

Meantime, thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserved by Heaven!
No higher can aspiring virtue soar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

* Bankrupt.

down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women.—Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, &c., to make you Christians in that country: I befriend him what I can, on account of the Archbishop and Bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD.'s? O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any one here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations.—Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas a-piece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon,

and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson, and clerk, must be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection. I called at Mr. Secretary, to see what the D— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning Sir William Temple,) that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord-keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;* you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and

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* William Rollinson, Esq., was a wine-merchant, but afterwards retired from business, and lived in Oxfordshire. He was a friend of Bolingbroke and of Pope, who bequeathed him a mourning ring.

see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton, and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke* in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr. Harley, he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to transcribe them here.—They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and

* Benjamin Tooke, the bookseller, seems to have transacted all Swift's bills and matters of money.

Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire Goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me, that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health, and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one Madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent; and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really N. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the Bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together? but faith this shall go to-night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr. Harley, from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the ——. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till

Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, Madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the text, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley;* but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word, of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away.† I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will

* In relation to the bank-note.

† This he carried into effect when the deanery of St. Patrick's opened.

make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The Bishop of Kilmore, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian and Dainger*, and you, Madam Dingley, what is *Christianing?*—— Lay your letters *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way, this way, and not that way, that way.**——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say anything, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the Bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my Lord Anglesea and Hyde† are very much otherwise,

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* The writing gives example of the right and wrong mode of sloping the letters.

† Arthur Earl of Anglesea, and Henry Lord Hyde, son to the Earl of Rochester, held jointly the office of vice-treasurer, receiver-general, and paymaster-general in Ireland, since vacated by the death of John Earl of Anglesea.

and you know they have the employment of deputy-treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

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LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach hire; I walked away sixpenny worth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. Secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one: and the Duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's, by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on

Irish yarn; so we talked a while, and then all went to the lobby of the House of Commons, to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and Lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But, after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with Lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

> Get you gone to your deans,
> You couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes,

> You expect Mrs. Walls,
> Be dress'd when she calls,
> To carry you to Stoyte,
> Or else *honi soit.*

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port.* Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the House of Commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't; for those letters that go under a fortnight, are answerers to one of your's, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some, &c. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind.—'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you

two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the Archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus, very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet.* I called this evening to see Mr. Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by Burgundy and Champagne, adding to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at Champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John,† who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John;

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* The passage in Tacitus is mentioned by the archbishop himself, in a letter to Swift. "One would think," says he, in allusion to the story of Harley and Guiscard, "this should convince the world that Mr. Harley is not in the French interest, but it has not yet had that effect with all, nay, some whisper the case of Fenius, Rufus, and Seevinus, in the 15th book of Tacitus *accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabunt.*" It seems hard to discover whether the archbishop, by imputing this malignant application to others, meant to conceal his having been himself the inventor. If we are to believe his own professions, the ascribing the sentiment and quotation to him was a gross aspersion; yet Swift, although he laboured in his exculpation with ministry, seems hardly to have believed it himself.

† The daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Winchescombe, of Bucklersbury, in Berkshire, Bart.

he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. Secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the Archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crossed it out; and afterward, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and upon farther thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on anybody in Ireland till he had showed it me.* Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the House of Commons again about this yarn, at Lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville,† the secretary at war; but they let in other com-

* The Post-Boy was at this time a violent Tory paper, and it would appear from this passage, that its assaults were conducted under the immediate eye of the ministry. See the full passage struck out by Swift in his letter to Archbishop King, 10th April 1711.

† Afterwards Lord Lansdowne, distinguished by Pope, as "Granville the polite." Dryden, whom he had always befriended, addressed an epistle to him on his "excellent play of Heroic Love."

pany, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champagne or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting Lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the Duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily.* I writ this evening to the Archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh into her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a piece, several raffled for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly† gone to the Bath? His face will whiz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and

* They quarrelled, however, *mightily* afterwards.
† The Reverend Dillon Ashe.

will take London in his way back.—The rabble will say, There goes a drunken parson, and which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer, and Lord Poulet master of the horse, &c., but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the House, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe; which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the House of Commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of Charles Bernard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at Sir William Read's.* Surely you

* He was an advertising quack of the time, and is mentioned in the Spectator and Tatler.

have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his Champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my Lord Anglesea, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior and I dined, by appointment, with Lieutenant-General Webb. My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain, one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding: What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad

he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till Lord Chamberlain (Duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then Colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the Duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the House of Commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire, whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, Lord Guernsey's son, to let me know, that my Lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship for the ministry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room.* At even-

* The mode in which the Lord Treasurer managed these hot-headed Tories is thus detailed in a vindication of his conduct, called "The History of the White Staff," published soon after he lost his office, and written, it has been said, by Daniel De Foe.

"The other party who acted in concurrence with the White Staff were a set of high, hot, out of temper politicians, whose view was within themselves, and who, acting upon principles of absolute government, pushed at establishing their party in a power or capacity of governing by the severity of the law; to say no farther.

"These found the White Staff a great deal of trouble; an

ing I went to the auction of Bernard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at Webb's with Lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said he had no thoughts otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place, while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recom-

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account whereof, and of its beginning, will make our secret history complete.

"These men, in the beginning of the change, of which an account is given above, began to show themselves, and pushed hard at the White Staff, to introduce the tyrannical part, which they always professed, into his administration, and to show that they were able to influence things by their numbers, and to oblige him to it, if they could not otherwise prevail; to this purpose they separated themselves early from the new men, set up for themselves, obtained a title by way of dignity, as well as distinction, of the October Club, and pretended to act upon schemes of their own; but the White Staff, who knew that these precipitations tended to ruin, not the constitution only, but themselves, soon found out methods to untie this knot, and by silent, quiet steps, in a little time, he so effectually separated these gentlemen, that in less than six months, the name of October Club was forgotten in the world, as if such a thing had never been heard of; nay, with so much address was this attempt overthrown, that he lost not the men, though he put them by their design, but united them again, in prosecuting the measures which he had laid down, and giving up their own: this was a victory of great moment to the White Staff, and without which he had lost the day to the displaced party in the other engagements, of which mention is made before."—*Secret History of the White Staff.* London, 1714, p. 15.

mendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt, that her husband is his friend; and the Bishop of Clogher says, Clements's danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the Duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at Lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt,* I expected her husband would stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place: I would give something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place

* Probably with the joint Vice-Treasurers Lord Anglesea and Lord Hyde, Mr. Pratt being Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, under them.

for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, &c. &c.

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LETTER XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord-treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great Duke of Tuscany used to send to Sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does

not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord-keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself, so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis,* and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it,† and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this

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* Mrs. Manley, author of a scandalous private history called the Atalantis. She was now an author by profession, wrote several papers of the Examiner after it was given up by Swift, and did other literary drudgery for administration. See the pamphlet alluded to in the Appendix to Swift's political pieces.

† This critical point was to whom the compliment should be given of the main object of France's dread, and consequently of Guiscard's attempt. For although Harley was the person stabbed, yet the secretary, who had been an old acquaintance of Guiscard, and companion of his debaucheries, was the main object of his resentment.

morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord-keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was Sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæsar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord-keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with Lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goose-cap as Presto? I saw the number 21 atop, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with Lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the House of Commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, Esquire, at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not

smell to it. She is going to Sheen with Lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done: because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning General Webb was to give me a visit; he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to make up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterward sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship. I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two Jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from Lord Peterborow to me:* he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our King Charles will be chosen emperor, and the Duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I

* The letter is dated April 8, 1711. Swift's compliment on the style of it is beautifully turned.

believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind* and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it cost me two shillings in coach hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the lord-treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord-keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence, t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise, spite of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. O, faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after, Mr. Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St. James's Coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending?

* Dr. Freind, already mentioned, wielded the pen of a ready writer; and being a keen Tory, was deeply engaged in political disputes on behalf of the ministry.

Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord-keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord-keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miss your glass when you can;
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? what cares Presto?

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered

all except one,—That no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But, indeed, I believe they are not yet able to make any; the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be lord-treasurer, yet he makes only one difficulty which is hard to answer; he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the House of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.* Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord-keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord-keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship] between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he had ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

* That is, among the ministry.

24. I was this morning to visit the Duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the Countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, What, is that Dr. Swift? said, she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the Bishop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese* for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, Madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they

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* Farnese.

have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. Chelsea. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and showed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat Goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I: and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with

him; and between that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pounds seven shillings at play —— with a — — — a — a — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.* I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: † there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for,‡ Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling, said, he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause;

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* Raffles for books were common at the time. Thus, in an advertisement subjoined to the Tatler, we have "An Address to the learned, or a lottery of unbound books, where each adventurer for a guinea is sure of a prize of nine shillings value; 'tis but four to one he gets one of 3, 6, 8, 12, or £50. Undertakers, Thomas Leigh, and Daniel Winter, booksellers."

† Here seems to open that scene of discord which ruined Queen Anne's Tory ministry.

‡ The House of Commons, on the report of a committee appointed to inquire into public accounts, past a vote, "that of the moneys granted by Parliament, and issued for the public service to Christmas 1710, there remains unaccounted for the sum of thirty-five millions." More than half of this large sum was attached to the accounts of the honourable James Brydges, Paymaster-General under Godolphin's administration, on whose part it was urged, that his accounts were regularly presented; but that the mode of scrutinising and passing them was tedious in itself, and rendered more so by the scrupulous caution of the Duke of Newcastle, who allowed none of them to be passed in his office without hearing counsel on both sides.

for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr. Foley beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said, if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. Harley] ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropped, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad, for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Harley asked me yesterday, how he came to disoblige the Archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and Ingoldsby* abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer

* One of the lords justices.

but reproach poor poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? I am of opinion the Duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say: and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies already. Are they on your side yet? if you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box?—Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*, you fool.* Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject.† I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels, (I hate the word bowels.) My ears have been, these three months past, much

* A violent Whig Journal, which was engaged in answering the Examiner. It was concluded by Arthur Mainwaring and Oldmixon.

† The idea of writing in the character of a foreigner has since been adopted in the "*Lettres Persannes*," and many imitations of that lively work. There can be no doubt the plan would have highly suited Swift's ironical run of humour. The paper in which he complains that Steele has exhausted this noble hint is No. 50 of the Spectator.

better than any time these two years: but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Westley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea.—They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Walls's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, Much talkers, Little walkers; and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you:

> If you talked no more than you walked,
> Those that think you wits would be baulked.

Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box: is not it come yet? this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's—— I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c., that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls,

and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

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LETTER XXII.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

At night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with Lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son Lord Peasley, who has got ten thousand pound with a wife.* I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good.

* James Lord Paisley, afterwards seventh Earl of Abercorn, married Anne, daughter of Colonel John Plummer of Blakesware, in the county of Hertford.

I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe: I made Lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed: I believe it will come to nothing.*

* He refers to the expedition against Canada, which was destined to expel the French from North America. The land troops, five thousand in number, were placed under the command of Brigadier General Hill, an officer without talents or experience. The transports were escorted by a squadron under the command of Sir Hovenden Walker. This enterprise, from which much was expected, came, as Swift prophesied, to nothing, or rather to a worse than negative conclusion. The fleet was surprised by a storm in the river St. Lawrence, and lost among the rocks eight transports, with about eight hundred men. After this disaster, their provisions ran short, and, finding it impossible to victual in New England, the fleet returned home without any attempt against the enemy.

Mr. Secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's * brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage-coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindside of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind, the second master of the school,† with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was baulked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses.—They would not let me in to their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, if you know such a man: and the

* Sir Chamberlain Walker, a famous man midwife.

† He succeeded Dr. Knipe, the head master, in August 1711.

weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from Dean Atterbury's lady,* to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I

* Daughter of Mr. John Bedingfield.

might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My Lord Rochester* is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more.—He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to Lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburne's, where Lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchiefmonger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with Lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship: and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another:

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* Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the celebrated Clarendon, and maternal uncle to Queen Anne. He was a keen Tory, if not a Jacobite, and is charged by the Duchess of Marlborough as the principal agent in overthrowing her influence with Queen Anne. The death of Rochester left Harley without a rival in ministerial power; yet this very circumstance tended to undo him by exciting the jealous emulation of his colleague St. John.

but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord-keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr. Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story; and I showed him the Archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectu-

ally. We were all in mighty good humour.—Lord-keeper and I left them together, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken.—A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in Lord Rochester's room. I measured and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord-keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus:—To Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms: O faith, my letters are too good to be lost.

MD's letters may tarry,
But never miscarry,

as the old woman used to say. And, indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head, enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterward. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore.* But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe, my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked.† As I was coming home I met Sir George Beaumont in the Pall Mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham House. I was telling him of my head: he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr. Ratcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it, that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yesterday, that Mr. Harley would this week be lord-treasurer and a

* Brother to the Earl of Drogheda, named one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, 30th Sept. 1710.

† She was just recovered from the small-pox.

peer, so I expect it every day; yet, perhaps, it may not be till Parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the Duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the case of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement: and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.* It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the Duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel Street, one Bell, the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs. Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all.† Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to

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* Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

† Queen Anne was the last sovereign who indulged her subjects with this superstition. The celebrated Samuel Johnson, as our readers must remember, was subjected to the ceremony. It is obvious that her successors had good reason for ceasing to touch, since, where a belief in the original superstition was deeply inherent, a failure in the cure might have implied a doubt of the royal title. Indeed, it was revived as an engine of the favourers of the house of Stuart, by an idle story of Prince Charles having cured a youth by his touch.

Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?* I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill.†—They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle-Fields; their pistols so near, that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down: this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord-keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises.‡ Lewis and I dined

* From the garden at Laracor.

† These combatants were previously great friends. Their duel is the subject of a paper in the SPECTATOR, No. 84, in which Thornhill is introduced under the name of Spinamont, bewailing his misfortune in having slain his friend, and the tyranny of custom which had forced him into the field. Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter only. But he was shortly after assassinated on Turnham Green by two men, who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. See Journal, August 21.

‡ The preamble of Harley's patent, as Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, Baron Wigmore, set forth his praises in language

with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with Sir Robert Raymond and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late.—Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one Madam MD, Number fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. —Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterward; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing else; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which

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rather too flowery and pompous, considering that it must have been drawn under his own eye. It may be found at length in the account of his family, in Collins's PEERAGE, Vol. IV. The Whigs censured Lord Oxford for the farther vanity of having his patent printed, whereas it was only usual to read them in the House of Lords.

pray send: That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the Duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's* note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the Court of Requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

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LETTER XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, Lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and Mr. Secretary.—

* An Irish banker.

They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight,* and Robert Harley, Esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that, before Saturday next, we expect they will be lords; for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be Earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church, (as I always do on Sundays,) and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, N. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the Lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, Lord Santry,† was dead; Captain Cammock assured

* Sir Simon Harcourt was about to be made Baron Harcourt. The preamble to his patent was as profuse of eulogy as that of Harley's.

† Lord Santry was a violent Whig, and distinguished himself

me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do; he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called "A Character of the present Set of Whigs," and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called "The State of Wit," giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called The Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift.* But above all things he praises the Tatlers

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particularly by prosecuting Higgins, who might be called the Sacheverel of Ireland.

* This State of Wit is reprinted in this edition. The author of the paper is supposed to be Gay.

"The Examiner is a paper which all men, who speak without prejudice, allow to be well written. Though his subject will admit of no great variety, he is continually placing it in so many

and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord-keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, Dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with Lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of

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different lights, and endeavouring to inculcate the same thing by so many beautiful changes of expression, that men who are concerned in no party may read him with pleasure. His way of assuming the question in debate is extremely artful; and his letter to Crassus is, I think, a masterpiece. As these papers are supposed to have been written by several hands, the critics will tell you, that they can discern a difference in their styles and beauties, and pretend to observe that the first Examiners abound chiefly in wit, the last in humour."

no use, but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD* goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for faith I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the college.† I dined with Lord Shelburne to-day; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his house, with Dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow

* In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella.

† The University of Dublin. These appear to be volumes of Rymer's *Fœdera*.

in her journey to Chester: so I believe she little thought of anybody's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be Earl of Oxford and lord-treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord-keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before, since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge; she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftsbury's plot.* This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by Lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those

* This poor man's name was Stephen Colledge. He made himself so busy in the affairs of the popish plot, that he acquired the name of "The Protestant Joiner." He went down in arms to the Oxford Parliament, and held some incautious and violent discourse about attacking the King's Guards, which was construed into High Treason. This trial may be seen in the State Trials, Vol. III. As he was universally judged by the Whigs to have had hard measure, the post granted by King William to his daughter was probably in acknowledgment of his sufferings.

that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with Colonel Crowe, late Governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord-treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered Lord Rivers, that I did not like to see a stranger among us: and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary said, the duke writ to have leave: so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be: for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said, he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men.* The duke replied that he did not mean

* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was one of the proudest

anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moonshine night, to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord-keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon: but Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes

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men of his time, and, for his Spanish stiffness, was called, in the libels of Charles II.'s court, Don John. Notwithstanding Swift's high tone, he had made some advances to the Duke of Buckingham, by calling upon him. The neglect of this civility probably nettled him. At least, it is certain he never could endure the duke, though the professed friend of his friend Pope.

of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters,* and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury: but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c., the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me, that Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing.† What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed

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* Gay addressed some humorous verses, "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend William Lownds, Esq., Author of that celebrated Treatise in folio, called The Land-Tax Bill."

† It would have been difficult for Harley to have maintained his place on the narrow isthmus which he occupied, assailed by the violent Tories as indifferent to their interest, and by the Whigs as the friend of France. But the assault of Guiscard made his enemies ashamed to wage their last accusation, and gave him all that popular favour which the English nation never fail to extend to those who have suffered in their cause.

before I go to town, and will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number: the last was Number 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a-day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to tell you what I have drawn upon him for; he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer.* O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or

* Dean Sterne's offer of his purse had not apparently been made in a way conciliatory to Swift's pride, who seems studiously to undervalue the obligation.

honour.—To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little: and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am.* I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, till fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Franklin's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, Esq., at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so.—Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own

* This is the first distinct hint which Swift gives of expectations of preferment; and it is very cautiously expressed.

chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs, Morrow.—At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet.* This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? Do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Pre-

* The corporation of Dublin was then in the hands of the Whigs. The council, it seems, by the archbishop's letter, rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city; on account, doubtless, of their political principles. The archbishop "just hints a fault, and hesitates dislike," of these arbitrary proceedings; but his expressions were strong enough to show Swift, that his heart was not with the measures of government, and that his hand had probably been against them.

serve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. Morning. Mr. Secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

—o—

LETTER XXIV.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say London, England, because I say Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs. — At night. I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning: he is now Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer, and Lord Harley of Wigmore Castle. My

letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two.* At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however, I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see Lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed: so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a coffeehouse, where I waited for the Dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for the dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till farther orders. My Lord

* A jocular allusion to the lord-treasurer's staff, shortly to be conferred on Harley.

Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me.* By a second hand he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till farther orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

* Dr. Thomas Swift was the name of our author's "parson-cousin," as he contemptuously called him. This poor creature had the assurance to claim a joint interest with Jonathan in the "Tale of a Tub."

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my Lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and Lady Betty,* who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, that the staff of life has of late been a stranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the Dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

* Lady Elizabeth Harley, afterwards married to the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds. After succeeding to the title of Duchess of Leeds, she died in child-birth, 15th December 1712.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the Duke and Duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My Lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him Lord Oxford no more; but lord-treasurer: I hope he will stick there; this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffeehouse; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, &c.* I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the Archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your Bishop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do anything for me in Ireland; so they may die as fast or slow as they please.†—Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can

* All of the Whig party, with whom Swift had formerly lived in intimacy.

† Swift judged his presence so essentially necessary to ministers, that they would not consent to his getting an Irish preferment. He could then little anticipate the additional difficulty which lay in the way of procuring him even a deanery there.

tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah** Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, N. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my night gown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that ever was known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with Lord Shelburne; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord-treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us, and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord-steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that state secret out

* These words are written in a large round hand.

by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no, I won't, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me, she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr. Presto. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls', (how does she do?)

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.*

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old Colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot Heath, and they said it was Colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor-Park. What, I warrant you don't remember the Golden Farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley.†

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* This is interlined in the original.

† One William Davis, a notorious highwayman, is said to have been called the Golden Farmer, from the gold with which his depredations supplied him, and from his ostensible occupation as a farmer. But whether he is here alluded to, and what

4. When must we answer this letter, this N. 15 of our little MD? Heat and laziness and Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and Lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if Lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the Duke of Ormond, and Mr. Secretary. They say my lord-treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord-treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.—I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted—I have been swimming this half hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived,

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is the meaning of the gibberish which follows, is not easy to guess.

to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with Lady Betty Germain, and there was the young Earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said my Lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and Lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old Lady Weymouth a visit, with some more bell-dames, then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with Lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord-treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour

with Lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it.—Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer MD's letter, N. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. Presto?—There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades.—No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talked so in parliament?* your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I

* Alluding to the stand he made in defence of his friend Mr. Bridges, late paymaster-general, which gave the Whigs hope he was coming round to them.

believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when anybody offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still, as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.—As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord-lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the Archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back,

and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland a bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Sir Alexander Cairnes * to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said, that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry.—I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean —— thinks I write the Medley.† Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four shilling book: has nobody carried it over?—No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post-office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folk here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were

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* Sir Alexander Cairnes, of Monaghan, Bart., a banker in London.

† The Medley, of which this sapient judge of style conceived Swift to be the author, was written in opposition to the Examiner, which was really our author's. The author of the "State of Wit" says, that the writer of the "Medley," though he seems to be a man of good sense, and expresses itself luckily enough now and then, is, for the most part, perfectly a stranger to fine writing. Oldmixon and Maynwaring in conjunction were the real authors of the "Medley."

put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him: so he turns to the sun, and says, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, it was such weather as pleased God: Seymor said, perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases nobody else. Why, Madam Dingley, the first-fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord-treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my lord-treasurer Harley did it many months ago, before the duke was lord-lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred

people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more.* Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord-treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord-treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in a very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have

* In the Examiner of the 7th June 1711, which is the last of Swift's series, the author sums up the advantages gained under Harley's ministry, declares that the whole nation are now sensible of them, and that "the main design he had in writing these papers is fully executed."

done for him; and desires I would write to the Bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe may not hinder his father from being portrief. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with Lord Shelburne and Lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know farther.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburne; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town, I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

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LETTER XXV.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with Lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs.

Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day the 20th, I came from Wicomb with Lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-Park Corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was lord-treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catharine Seymour,* your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one, and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday; we are yet but twelve: lord-keeper and lord-treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. Secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the Duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor-general, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord-chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this

* A daughter of the Duke of Somerset. From this and various other passages, Stella should seem to have been known to the Somerset family.

will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr. Reading: and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with Lady Butler* and Lady Ashburnham,† and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord-treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c., and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord-treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I

* Daughter to James Duke of Ormond. She lived to be above ninety years of age, and never was married.

† Sister to the above lady. See the Journal of October 20th, 1710.

have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work.* I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the Dean of Carlisle; † and I design to write a letter to lord-treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the Dean of

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* It is a well-known anecdote, that when Congreve, who had always been the political friend of Halifax, thought it necessary to employ some intercessor (probably Swift) with Harley to prevent his being displaced from his situation in the customs, the lord-treasurer made the memorable answer:—

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.

Congreve had obtained, by the patronage of Halifax, the post of a Commissioner for Hackney-coaches, a place in the Pipe-office, and another in the Customs, amounting together to £1200 a year. Yet Swift has more than hinted, that this tide of preferment was rather the reward of a staunch politician, than a man of letters.

"Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days;
While Montagu, who claimed the station,
To be Mecænas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er considered where they slept.
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair,
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pœan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might every dunce alive."

† Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.*

* See his lively verses addressed to this restless and energetic character:—

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The road is with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

25. Poor Duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at Lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home; she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me, he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord-treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord-treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the Deanery of Christchurch, which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry.* I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, and scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, Madam Stella; and in good ale, Madam Dingley.

* There was a competition for the preferment between Atterbury and Smallridge. The conciliatory temper of the latter would have been more acceptable to the university. Indeed, when he did obtain the Deanery upon Atterbury's banishment, he complained he was constantly engaged in carrying water to extinguish the flames which his ardent predecessor had kindled during his incumbency.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with Lady Ashburnham and Lady Frederic Schomberg; and Lady Mary Schomberg, and Lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of Lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journies this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your Duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's * business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back

* Collector of Wicklow.

to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord-treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend.* It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord-treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord-treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at Lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well.† I was this evening two or three hours at lord-treasurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letters, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says,

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* Thomas Harley, Esq.

† Which Swift formerly said would hiss in the Bath waters.

"This letter won't be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The Bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water, but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid, but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money.—Now Madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you ride every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-parvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop;

sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your Duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told:* but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O Madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than

* As obnoxious to the opposite faction, Swift's caution was not groundless, as political writers at this period were often subjected to personal hazard. The celebrated Samuel Johnson (author of JULIAN) was nearly assassinated in his own house; and Tutchin, for writing a poem on the death of James II., reflecting bitterly on his character, was way-laid, and so severely beaten, that he died of the bruises. De Foe, in the course of his Review, often mentions attempts upon his person.

ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern.——Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.——We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly, at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that Lord Peterborow yet. The Duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon

nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

LETTER XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at Sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together, to Lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I

have had a letter from Mr. Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord-treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison; but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever, so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord-treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news: that your Lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. Coghil * losing his drab, &c. The secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord-treasurer is at Windsor too: they will be going and coming all summer, while the queen is there, and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner.

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* Dr. Marmaduke Coghill was judge of the Prerogative Court for Ireland. In his judicial capacity he was called on to decide a question between a wife and her husband, who had given her a good beating. Upon this occasion the Doctor delivered a grave opinion, that moderate chastisement, with such a switch as he held in his hand, was within the husband's matrimonial privilege. This legal maxim gave so much offence or alarm to a lady to whom for some time he had paid his addresses with a prospect of success, that she positively dismissed the assertor of so ungallant a doctrine. To this disappointment Swift alludes in the text. Dr. Coghill, as may be guessed from his opinions, died unmarried.

Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? Did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget; do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the dean said, shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least, the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, 'till past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will. Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to

do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c., upon it.* I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations; he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of Lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up Lord Shelburne and Mrs. Pratt at Lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with lord-treasurer. Tom

* There was something very diverting in the prosecution of Mrs. Manley here alluded to. Being a person of light conditions, she wrote a sort of licentious private history, under the colour of a romance. This work, which she called the ATALANTIS, made free with the characters, and disclosed the intrigues, of several persons of consequence, not forgetting her own. For this the printer was apprehended; but Mrs. Manley courageously appeared before the Court of King's Bench, and took the whole burden on her own shoulders. She underwent a sharp examination by Lord Sunderland; but maintained, with unaltered constancy, that the whole work was mere invention, without any sinister allusion to real characters. When Lord Sunderland pointed out particulars which were irreconcileable with this account, she said, that if these bore any resemblance to real incidents, she must have come by them through inspiration. And when his Lordship urged that the anecdotes were not of a nature usually suggested by divine impulse, the lady coolly answered, that there were evil angels as well as good, who might possess equal powers of inspiration. In short, there was no making anything of Mrs. Manley, who at length was set at liberty, after several fruitless examinations.

Harley was there; and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business. I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord-treasurer's. He rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us, that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent Sir H. Bellasis* going to Spain, who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord-treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was. I said, I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk Street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the

* Sir Henry Bellasis was member for Durham. He was this year appointed a commissioner to inquire into the number and quality of the English forces in Spain and Portugal, and to examine the army accounts.

dean. When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the Bishop of Clogher, who tells me the Archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the first-fruits; said it was done by the lord-treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading your's, I find nothing of that. Perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good, (that's a genteel phrase,) and am got into

Suffolk Street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country. We dined at lord-keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord-keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord-treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to lord-treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him. One of them, Judge Powel, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day. I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk. But I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southward; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already. I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness.—Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word

of who is chosen portrieve.* Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw. I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall, lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here. I pretended I never heard of him; but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel Street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond

* For which office Mr. Joseph Beaumont's father was a candidate.

to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so. What can one expect from a Scot, and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought, and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there. I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.* Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English;† see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language. Magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland,‡ till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and, besides, I made him

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* In Ireland there was then a want of foot-paths.

† Of Wexford, Camden says, "This city is none of the greatest, but as remarkable as any, being the first of this island that submitted to the English reduced by Fitz-Stephen, a valiant commander, and made a colony of the English. Upon this account the shire is very full of English, who dress after the old fashion, and speak the old language, but with some allay and mixture of Irish."—CAMDEN'S *Ireland.*

‡ Derrick, who wrote his IMAGE OF IRELAND in Queen Elizabeth's time, says:—

> No pies to plucke the thatch from house
> are bred in Irish grounde,
> But worse than pies the same to burne,
> a thousand maie be founde.

consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord-treasurer told me, the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the first-fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the Park this evening.—Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park, to engage me to speak to lord-treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they made up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I will not speak a word for anybody. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison, who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half-a-crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy

for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it costs you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord-treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a-week. He has invited me to Windsor, and between two stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's poz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing. I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday, with Lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late Chief Justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tyger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto, because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning, and the Dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrel's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the Dean of Canter-

bury's;* and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent., by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? what, not one single book? oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with Lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to

* Dr. Stanhope, then Vicar of Lewisham.

love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto; Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, Madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord-keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one when I pleased: but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me t'other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like: and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months.—O ay, that's true, Dingley: that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter: but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F— —: it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken: so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine: and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for —, that scoundrel — will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs Wells has got her tea. I hope Richardson

staid in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all.—No, I don't like anything in the Examiner after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th;* all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you, to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke has come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire à don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to dispatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked

* Swift, it must be recollected, wrote all the forty-fifth EXAMINER, gave some hints for No. 46, and then dropt all concern with the paper.

after you with great respect and friendship. To return to your letter. Your Bishop Mills * hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning, from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while.—There dined with us Lord Rochester, and his fine daughter, Lady Jane,† just growing up a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir Matthew Dudley, but fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me, the maid said one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly.—What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The

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* Dr. Thomas Mills, Bishop of Waterford.

† Lady Jane Hyde was married Nov. 27, 1718, to William Capel, Earl of Essex, and died Jan. 3, 1723–4.

Duke of Newcastle * is dead by the fall he had from his horse. God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c. &c.

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LETTER XXVII.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I begin too high;) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with Lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord-treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord-treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor,

* John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. He fell from his horse in hunting, 13th July, and died of his bruises on the third day following. The duke was made lord privy seal, 27th March, 1705, which office became vacant by his death. He was one of the richest nobles in England.

although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire Lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got Lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles; so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor anything. — Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with

his horse in Aldersgate Street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not Madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What: I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? what! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore?—The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord-treasurer, and staid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman; so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recom-

mend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away; I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's.* The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him, it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a biting letter, in answer to one of his, where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord-treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a-year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor.

* Old Jacob was the celebrated bookseller of Dryden. He was a violent Whig, and secretary to the Kit-cat Club, which might seem a good reason to the Tory ministers for taking the Gazette from him.

The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord-treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.——Windsor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord-treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord-treasurer's servants gave me a letter from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my

friend Lewis cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a-year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-treasurer told at court, what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn;

but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer staid to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the under secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see lord-treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said, he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the Duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's, and there staid till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eaton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my Lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both

hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The Duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr. Dr., and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for swift.* Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you

* The Duke of Shrewsbury, while residing at Rome for his health, married Adelheid, daughter of the Marquis of Paleotti of Bologna, who was descended by the mother's side from Robert Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. As the duke only returned to Britain shortly before his being made Lord Chamberlain, his duchess had little time to become familiarly acquainted with the English language.

an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the Bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house.* She is a great favourite of

* "Sir Henry Winchescombe, father of Mrs. Saint John, afterwards Lady Bolingbroke, had a very handsome fortune, that descended to him from a person famous in our old story, by

mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for Lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord-treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord-treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said, she had never heard of me; I told them,

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the familiar name of Jack of Newbury. This person, whose name was John Winchescombe, was a clothier of that town, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; it is said that in those days he kept a hundred looms at work, and that, to show his duty to his king, and his love to his country, he marched with a hundred of his workmen, well clothed, at his own expence, to Flodden Field, against the Scots; and that being satisfied with having a share in the glory of that victory, which cost the King of Scots his life, he returned with his little army to his native town, and resumed his former station. He was also a benefactor to the church; and, as the people of Newbury formerly showed his house, so they still point to the pulpit and the tower, which were of his erecting. Mr. St. John, upon this marriage, had the family estates both of the father and grandfather, in Wiltshire, Surry, and Middlesex, settled upon him; the good effect of which he felt in his old age, though a great part of what his lady brought him was taken away by his attainder."—BIOGRAPHIA BRIT. *article Saint John.* The history of Jack of Newbury was written by Thomas Deloney, a maker of ballads and popular story books, and with his other works was long a favourite among the common people of England.

that was their fault, and not hers, &c., and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. Secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain,* and Mr. Masham, and the green cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now: and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court: but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in

* Thomas Coke, Esq.

England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to Lady Sunderland. Lord-treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. Scarborow had sent all

about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester* did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.†

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up, and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you.

* This lady was contracted, and, indeed, actually married, to Sir John Downing, in the year 1701; Sir George being then fifteen, and the lady only thirteen. They afterwards applied for a divorce.

† *i.e.* in a riding habit, just then becoming fashionable, as appears from several passages in THE SPECTATOR.

I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit, I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all; and very noisy company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord-keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I staid till just now; lord-treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord-keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the Duchess of Montague; he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the bishop.* My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now Lord Willoughby of Brook, and will sit in the House of Lords with his gown.† I supped to-night at Masham's with lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made

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* Of Clogher.

† This is an incidental circumstance and expression; yet it marks the delight Swift took in everything that could add dignity to the clerical character.

us stay till twelve before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the Cabinet Council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under secretary, Mr. Lewis, Brigadier Sutton, and I, dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the Cabinet Council was not held last night was, because Mr. Secretary St. John would not sit with your Duke of Somerset. So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the Cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord-treasurer got the queen to remit the first-fruits before the Duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord-treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer.—I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh

all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.*

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord-treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my Lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham† his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some understandings between them; and, if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convoca-

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* This is the first time he bestows two lines of his Journal on Vanessa, who was actually engrossing so much of his time and thoughts.

† Abigail Hill, a relation, and originally a dependant of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, whom she succeeded in the queen's favour and confidence, and became the principal agent in the change of ministry. She was privately married to Mr. Masham, groom of the chamber to George Prince of Denmark, in Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings, in summer 1707, the queen herself honouring their nuptials with her presence.

tion in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know that it was my lord-treasurer's action, wherein the Duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford, and two other merchants. —Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh are come, but not yet got out of the Custom-house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath:—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord-treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord-treasurer about business, although it be his own.—He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive.* I have

* His name was Read.

a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, Lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord-treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.* Lord-treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye: and the dean is just as he used to

* Before Bouchain; a piece of generalship deemed equal to almost any of his exploits.

be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And Goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the Archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry, that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the first-fruits were got by lord treasurer before the Duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord-treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the Duke of Ormond. Lord-treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the Bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The Dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord-treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub-Street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord-treasurer's, but went to see Lady Abercorn, who is come to

town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord-treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought-to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us, that Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, Earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The Earl of Danby, the Duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fy for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, Madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side, and after dinner Dilly won half-a-crown off me at backgammon, at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year, but I think our weather begins to mend. The

roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things, but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, Madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford,) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen; so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord-treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons' address might

express a dislike to some principles, &c., but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: Why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs, that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after 'scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow, for I will not unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg.* The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written.† We had Trap's poem on the Duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just

* Gregg was a clerk in Harley's office, convicted of treasonable correspondence. The lords who examined him, being of the Whig faction, endeavoured to throw suspicion on Harley, whom Gregg, with his dying voice, formally acquitted.

† Dr. Swift himself.

eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnel's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together.* Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance: goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then: for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord-treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a-year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a

* This was the wife of Parnell the poet. Her maiden name was Anne Minchin. Parnell could not recover her loss, which had the most fatal effects upon his habits and constitution. Goldsmith says, that, "during the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife was a loss to him, that he was unable to support or recover. From that time he could never venture to court the muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began, therefore, to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps, that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity."

groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the Bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believed he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the Bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks? —Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain?—and Sacheverell will be the next bishop?—he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for ought I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord-keeper owned it to me t'other day. No,

Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets.—There is a cousin of his, (I suppose,) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe * and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times; they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told, she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord-keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers,

* Afterwards a privy counsellor in Ireland, and the frequent subject of Swift's satire.

for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell again, dearest rogues: I am never happy, but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor; and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the post-office. 'Tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, N. 18, and I reckon you are now quite at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses: all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.*

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr. Coote, my Lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland.

* That is to say, he was about to assume his serious character of Dr. Swift.

This morning at five my Lord Jersey* died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to King William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all

* Edward, first Earl of Jersey. He had been ambassador extraordinary to the States General and to the court of France in 1699; was a secretary of state, and a lord justice for administration of the government during King William's absence in Holland. Upon Queen Anne's accession, she made Lord Jersey chamberlain of the household, which office he lost in 1704; "and after had no public employment, dying in the 56th year of his age, on August 26, 1711, the day he was to have been named lord privy seal, being likewise designed one of the plenipotentiaries to the congress at Utrecht; and was buried on 4th September following, in St. Michael's Chapel in Westminster Abbey."—COLLINS's *Peerage*, Vol. IV. p. 193.

parched. I hate this season, where everything grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.—Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy seal. The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary. They have some reason for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the Dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be Dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.* When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be, but a 19th

* How Atterbury's fate differed from Swift's prognostication, every reader must remember.

from MD? O faith, I 'scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented;· but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland.—They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his second son has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord-treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The Archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says, it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the first-fruits were granted before the Duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him, that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord-treasurer began a health to my lord privy seal; Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprised with the news, that the Bishop of Bristol is made lord privy seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord-treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me, he would not offer to send it without showing it to me; he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; Lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. Secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to Lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington. Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor with

Mr. Secretary; and lord-treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—At night. Windsor. The secretary and I, and Brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my Lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great court, and among others, I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton, (who brought over the

express about a month ago,) and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage; finds me with Lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me, Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My Lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and Prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family: and the Bishop of Bristol, who is Dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company. Lord-treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windsor still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy-counsellor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is Earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; beside the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea Company, who were named to-day. My

lord-treasurer did it for me a month ago: and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette, I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord-treasurer, keeper, &c., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, it was the same printer, whom my lord-treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea Company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in Lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord-treasurer; then I went into lord-treasurer's: we stopped at Kensington, where lord-treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord-treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry. —I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, N. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do anything

in it, sweethearts, till night.—At night, O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad!—Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr. Masham's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord-treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say Lord Harley, and Lord Dupplin, and Lord Rivers, and I. The Dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord-treasurer and Lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because Mr. Masham being a brother of our society, his son you know is consequently a nephew. Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we staid till eleven, and lord-treasurer set me down at my lodgings in Suffolk Street. Did I ever tell you that lord-treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn,

and sat the evening with lord-treasurer, till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to Windsor with lord-treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, N. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, Madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy,* and the River Slainy; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scambling, scattering, sluttikin! *Yes, mighty like indeed, is not it?* † Pisshh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra ‡ which Dr. Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card purse! you a card purse? you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed: and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is

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* Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford.

† These words in *Italics* are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

‡ In Stella's spelling. "It is an odd thing," says a former editor, "that a woman of Stella's understanding should spell extremely ill;" as if her understanding and orthography had any the slightest natural connection.

there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the Bishop of Raphoe, an old, doating perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So Dr. Elwood* says, There are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The Duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery.—No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, Madam Stella, but your old *scrawling*, *splay-foot*, *pot-hooks*, *s*, *ſ*, ay, that's it: there the s, ſ, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen is bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

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* Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and member of parliament for that university.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella, that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER XXX.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord-treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chid at him for it.* There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together,

* Swift on many occasions, notwithstanding his natural courage, indicates a feverish apprehension of casualties, which was probably constitutional. Who dreams of being overturned on the Windsor road, whether there be moonshine or not?

with Mr. Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but, at parting he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but, the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Wyndham, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord-treasurer's, which was lord-keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love.—Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord-keeper, and sup at lord-treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord-treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon: we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I staid till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmanteau than with myself. I forgot to

tell you, that, when I went to Windsor, on Saturday, I overtook Lady Gifford and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord-treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord-treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord-treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charterhouse.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a twopenny pamphlet; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. Secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We staid at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass.* I believe we shall have a peace.

* "About the beginning of July, Mr. Prior, a person who, by his natural parts improved by study and good conversation, had gained a name among the learned and polite, and raised himself to some employments, according as the party with which he sided happened to prevail, went down to Kent, and from thence to Suffolk, to give a visit to Sir T—— H——. And as a man who is

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will go rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell Goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the Archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts.* First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have

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in no public station may be easily absent from town without being missed, especially in the summer season, no notice was taken of this journey. But it happened somewhat unluckily, that, about the beginning of August, a gentleman, who came over in a small vessel, and landed near Deal, was seized by the customhouse officers; and these inquiring who he was, he told a wrong name, to prevent being discovered. One of the officers, who, at first sight, thought he was not an absolute stranger to that place, looked more fixedly upon him, and, finding him to be Mr. Prior, expostulated with him for concealing his true name; adding, that, in discharge of their trust, they must keep him in custody, till they had received farther instructions from the secretaries. Hereupon Mr. Prior produced a pass in due form: but the officers insisted, that, not having at first declared the name mentioned in the pass, they were not obliged to show any regard to it, and so Mr. Prior was stopt till he was released from above."—*Annals of Queen Anne's Reign, year the tenth.* London, 1712, p. 231.

* The extraordinary epistle which the archbishop ventured to write to Swift will be found in Vol. III.

friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord-treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, staid till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris;* and, indeed, the two last pages, which the

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* "Though the bulk of the nation did certainly wish for peace, yet neither of the two schemes here proposed met with approbation, being both looked upon as almost equally insidious and unsafe, and inconsistent with the honour and interest of Great Britain. On the contrary, the generality expressing their readiness rather to bear the burden of taxes some time longer, than lose, by a precarious peace, the fruits of so many victories and conquests, gained in the course of this expensive, but necessary war, our politicians thought fit to seem to strike in with the humour of the people: which was done artfully enough, in a pamphlet, entitled, 'A New Journey to Paris, together with some secret Transactions between the French King and an English Gentleman,' pretended to be written by one Monsieur De Baudrier, who was said in it to have been appointed to attend Mr. Prior, who, in the same relation, is supposed to have gone into France under the name of Mr. Matthews."—*Annals of Queen Anne's Reign. Year X.* 1712, p. 256.

From the above passage, it would seem that the Whigs considered this *ex d'esprit* as a serious experiment on the feelings of

printer had got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him, as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so; because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin: and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said, he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is.* I sat with them till

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the people towards a peace. What Swift calls the romantic part, which spoiled the whole, is an account of a French marquis begging in the highway, an incident too extravagant for the grave humour of the rest of the piece.

* The following passage in the "Tatler," written by the celebrated Epicure Dartiquenave, gives us some idea of the liveliness

twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here: and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and

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of Addison's conversation, when wine had removed the natural shyness of his temper.

"I have the good fortune now to be intimate with a gentleman remarkable for this temper, who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffeehouse, or in the ordinary course of affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but, when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most grateful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a whit more than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that, by a strange hesitation or reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy."—*Tatler*, No. 252.

fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen ; faith it cost me a guinea ; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our society met at the secretary's, there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the Earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so ; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bedchamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord-treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord-keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally ; but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary stay here till to-morrow ; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin * kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord-treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London ; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord-treasurer ; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the Duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so

* Lord Oxford's son and son-in-law.

we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from lord-treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord-treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I won't say yours,) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she has got some cold: she is lame in one of her legs with a rheu-

matic pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to see Cranburn, a house of Lord Ranelagh's, and the Duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the park; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called a History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, &c., to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green cloth by Colonel Godfrey, who married the Duke of Marlborough's sister, mother to the Duke of Berwick by King James:* I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord-keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have

* Arabella Churchill, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, maid of honour to the duchess, and mistress to the Duke of York. She bore him two sons, the celebrated Duke of Berwick, and Henry Fitz-James, grand prior of France; and a daughter who became a nun. To Colonel Godfrey she had two daughters.

altered your money-bill. The Duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttle-cock with you, Madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes, I must, or* Stella *won't be able to read this.** S. S. S. there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord-keeper and lord-treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old Lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.†

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* These words in *Italics* are written enormously large.

† Parties were so equally poised at this time, and the approaching change of the dynasty was so animating a subject of contention, that De Foe has given us the following striking account of

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord-treasurer; and at half

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the virulence of contending factions:—"All the arts and engines imaginable are made use of, to bring the people to a wilful giving up themselves to names and parties, without examining into things, and into the substance or merits of the debate; to this end they heat their blood with wine, foment their passions by continued reproachings, expose them to one another by studied quarrels, and keep up contention to bring in peace. No man but he who sees these things, as this author now to his amazement does, could believe it possible, that the animosities of this nation could, in so short a time, and after such views of the danger these things have formerly brought them to, be capable of such inflammations; the name of peace is become a scandal, union is so abhorred among you, for the sake of Scotland, you cannot love the very word; the animosities between us and the French are trifles to this. There we fight like men of war and men of honour, give fair quarter, exchange civilities, and treat one another upon the square. But in England, we strive not like men, but like devils, like furies; we fight not as if we would kill one another only, but as if we would tear one another's souls out of our bodies; we fight with all the addition of personal envy, revenge, hellish rage, irreconcileable, implacable malice. In war, we make declarations, and show the reasons of our quarrel, and pretend a willingness to peace; but here we assign no cause, aim at no end, regard no measures, and show no mercy.

"Nor do we fight with clubs, as at Marlow, Whitchurch, &c.; with swords and staves, as at Coventry; with stones and brickbats, as at ..... but we fight with the poison of the tongue, with words that speak like the piercing of a sword, with the gall of envy, the venom of slander, the foam of malice, and the poison of reproach, bitter revilings, unsufferable taunts, injurious backbitings, and unmannerly railings.—This is the present temper of the people where I have been, and too much so all over the nation, wounding not men's bodies only, that might be healed by a surgeon, but stabbing their reputation, blackening their characters, reproaching their morals, ripping up all the miscarriages of their lives, and wounding their families, without any regard to truth, to honour, or to the great duty left by our Saviour upon us all;

Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris."

De Foe's Review of the State of the British Nation, Vol. VI. p. 85.

an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles, but I was so tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles toward London, hoping to meet lord-treasurer, and return with him, but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walked nine miles in all, and lord-treasurer did not come till after eight, which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so, but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord-keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord-treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected lord-treasurer would have invited me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope lord-treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterward. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and

there's an end. 'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord-treasurer to sup with them, but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed, for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with lord-treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning, but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor, but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me, in Lady Gifford's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor Park. I will answer it with a vengeance; and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N. 20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday, for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute; you staid four days at Inish-Corthy; two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's; and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'ennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? Let me see—thirty pounds in two months,

is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, Madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls. Mrs. Walls has got her tea, but who pays me the money? come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English.—You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box, and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him. Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him: I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me, yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. The d— she* has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with Lady Gifford? I pity poor Jenny† —but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to

* Some resolution of Mrs. Johnson, Stella's mother, in compliance with Lady Gifford's wishes.

† Mrs. Fenton, the dean's sister.

him, she loses little by her deafness. I believe, Madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning, before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next, for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred a-piece. Lord-treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the Duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord-lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home, I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from ——, three sides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord-treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord-treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and choose. *In this place,* (meaning the Exchange in London,) *which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit, that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved for ever after to bury myself in the shady retreat of* ——. You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will

you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. *This wondrous theatre* (meaning London) *was no more to me than a desart, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck or even the great bog of Allen.* A little scrap for Mrs. Marget,* and then I have done. *Their royal fanum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.* Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I —Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know, that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel

* Stella's maid.

in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desired Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and, in the meantime, borrow so much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at lord-treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me, that Dr. Arbuthnot had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, besides lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at lord-treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W—. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell me he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage, this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captain-

ship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says, he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. Secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. I know not the two ministers' names; but they are come about the peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men.* We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The Earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers staid with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord-treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing

* These were Mons. Mesnager, deputy of the Council of Commerce in France, and the Abbe Du Bois. The French priest was the Abbe Gualtier, a person originally employed by Marshal Tallard, then prisoner of war in England, to receive and forward his letters from France, but who gradually insinuated himself into more important confidence.

his friend's advice, and coming so early. &c. I was two hours with Lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with lord-treasurer, after dining at the green cloth: I staid till two; this is the effect of lord-treasurer being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord-keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham, and a moderate company, and would not go to lord-treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said, they knew one to be the Abbe de Polignac: others swore it was the Abbe du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walters,* an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the mayor's feast with Mr. Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord-treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green cloth, and did not see my lord-treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid overmuch eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, toward the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor Park, and thought he

* Sir John Walters, member for the city of Oxford, was made clerk comptroller of the board of green cloth, 11th Feb. 1710–11, in room of Colonel Griffin, deceased.

remembered my face. I said, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c., and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis: I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year: I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses; but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with Lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went into the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff, and stole out so privately, that everybody saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber door, and gave him two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The Duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of

the queen's chaises: Miss Forester and Miss Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.* My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody ur—e: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with Lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says, he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better: so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The Duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me

* Mr. Longfield lived at Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d——d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said, I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.——I dined with honest Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the Dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made Dean of Peterborow (a small deanery) said, he would give no plate; he was only Dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day,* and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music meeting to-night, to show they were not cast down, &c., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admi-

* The expedition against Quebec.

ral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord-treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord-treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw Lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the Duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said, that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I please; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the Duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teazing Walters. He told lord-treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, I will send you Dr. Swift: lord-keeper bid him take care what he did; for, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord-treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to

Windsor, for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess, for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord-treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord-treasurer, and staid till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning. I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. —Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin: you are saucy rogues.

LETTER XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say, she receives no messages.——Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy; you're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper, called The Protestant Post Boy, has

reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, that an ambitious tantivy,* missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord-treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord-treasurer calls me now Dr. Martin, because martin† is a sort of a swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs‡ on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the Bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon,§

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* A party nickname bestowed upon the High Church partizans in the time of Charles II. and his successor. It was derived from a caricature print, called the Raree Show, in which they were represented as riding *tantivy* to Rome. See a description of it in the Trial of Colledge for high treason.

† From this nickname, Martinus Scriblerus was compounded.

‡ See Swift's Imitations of Horace, lib. ii. sat. 6.

> They gravely tried to read the lines
> Writ underneath the country signs.

§ This, I suspect, was the cause of the lord-treasurer getting the nickname of the Dragon, in subsequent parts of Swift's correspondence.

and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I staid with lord-treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd,* and removed. I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am growing a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me, that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and, indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord-treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back.† But they say, a general

* As the Doctor had discovered some time before on the evidence of her eye-brows.

† Want of provisions was assigned as a reason. The vessels were not sufficiently victualled in England, lest the quantity of

should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord-treasurer has refused Sterne's business, and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain.——I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise

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provisions shipped should lead to suspicion of their destination; and North America could not then supply a squadron of men of war, and a fleet of transports.

is ombre.——People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton Court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come; and Lord Pembroke is coming: his wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord-treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley. I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord-treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer, a French dog,* has abused me in a pamphlet, and

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* Boyer gives this account of his being apprehended, with the cause and consequences.

"The writer of these papers, who, it seems, presumed too far upon some services he had performed to a great minister, both while he was secretary of state, and upon his advancement to higher posts, with an honest intention of doing him further service, by setting him right with the party, this writer firmly believes to be the best Englishmen, published a pamphlet, entitled, 'An Account of the State and Progress of the present 'Negotiation of Peace; with Reasons for and against a Partition 'of Spain,' &c. But having taken this opportunity to vindicate himself from the reflections of a shameless, and most contemptible ecclesiastical turncoat, whose tongue is as *Swift* to revile, as his mind is *Swift* to change; and yet, who, by what strange strain of politics I know not, happened at this time to be clandestinely countenanced, had the misfortune to be involved in the resentment of the ministry against pamphleteers. After all, the para-

I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord-treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost. We don't yet know the particulars.* I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord-treasurer

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graph that bore hardest upon this author was written by a reputed favourite of the prime minister, by whose direction he was afterwards honourably discharged."

* He alludes to the loss of the Edgar man of war, of seventy-four guns, which was blown up, with the loss of four hundred men, besides a great many persons who had come on board to see their friends on their return from the voyage.

is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord-treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town, that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities.—'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.—Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I

opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time past so, that we staid till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord-treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell, to desire the

Duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the Archbishop of Dublin.—Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord-treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For, he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the Duke of Ormond was lord-lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlic; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady Gore hung her child by the *waist;* what is that waist? * I don't understand that word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Pish; burn your first-fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter Lord Oxford received.—I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant.* Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her

* Modern usage has sanctioned Stella's spelling.

younger days. I got the books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so.—You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night, that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had only been my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord-treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord-treasurer, lord-keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither honour nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know of it. Here's politics enough

for once; but Madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best.—And so now I have answered N. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though Lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see Lord Harley to-day, but lord-treasurer took physic, and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I han't seen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Freind, at one of my printers: I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough; and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis.* I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany: what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord-treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord-treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with Lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a

* Mrs. Delariviere Manley.

woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places.* My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs; but now I am punished for it.—Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely, - -	Plaguily.†
Dineing, - -	Dining.
Straingers, - -	Strangers.
Chais, - -	Chase.
Waist, - -	Wast.
Houer, - -	Hour.
Immagin, - -	Imagine.
A bout, - -	About.
Intellegence, - -	Intelligence.

* It seems as if Swift suspected Stella of this *jeu d'esprit.*

† This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.

Aboundance, - -	Abundance.
Merrit, - - -	Merit.
Secreet, - - -	Secret.
Phamphlets, - -	Pamphlets.
Bussiness, - -	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

—o—

LETTER XXXIII.

London, October 23, 1711.

I DINED with Lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD.* If the queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one:

* That is Presto and MD.

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
PMD's letters never fail;
Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord-treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord-treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me, he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander, it is printed in the Miscellany.* I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went to see Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the mini-

* These very bitter, or rather scurrilous verses, were highly resented by Lord Cutts and his relations.

stry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands.* Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton Court; she went on Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with

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* "On the 23d of October, being the first day of the term, fourteen booksellers, printers, or publishers, who had been lately taken up, and committed to the custody of state-messengers, by warrants from Mr. Secretary St. John, for printing and publishing pamphlets, libels, and ballads, some of which were indeed scandalous invectives against the ministry and government, others represented as such; appeared at the bar of the Court of Queen's Bench, where Mr. Lechmere, counsel for Mr. Darby and Mr. Hurt, two of the printers, pleaded with notable vehemence against the severity of committing people without telling them their crimes; urging, that at this rate the office of a secretary of state would become a Spanish inquisition. But at the request of the attorney-general, all the said persons were continued on their recognizance till the last day of the term. It is to be observed, that Mr. Darby and Mr. Hurt were prosecuted on account of a translation of a memorable passage in Tacitus, about Cecilius Bassus's deceiving the Emperor Nero, with the promise of an immense, but imaginary treasure; which was inserted in a paper called the Observator, and was a side-wind reflection on the South Sea project. Others were prosecuted on more criminal accounts, viz., for publishing seditious ballads, called, a Welcome to the Medal; Credit Restored; Mat's Peace, &c."—*Annals of Queen Anne*, 1711, p. 264. Many of these libels on the Tory government are preserved in a small 12mo volume, called "Pills to purge State Melancholy, 1716."

Lewis at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord-treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Ratcliffe; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord-treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it you.* If it be it shall go

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* The reader may be desirous to see a ballad, which Swift deemed worthy being sent to Stella. It is a favourable specimen of the Whig lampoons so common at the period.

The South Sea Whim. To the Tune of, To you, fair ladies, now at land, &c.

To you, fair ladies, now ashore,
We South Sea cullies write,
Your kind compassion to implore,
This ditty we indite:
Pity your brethren on the main,
Compell'd to change our course in vain.
With a fa, la, &c.

We are a wretched motley crew,
More various than the weather,
Made up of debtors old and new,
Jumbled and rocked together;
Tars, soldiers, merchants, transports, tallies,
Chain'd in a row like slaves in gallies.
With a fa, la, &c.

We furnish'd beer, we guns and balls,
We ships or money lent,
With hemp enough to serve them all;
O may it so be spent;
And since his payments are so few,
Give Cæsar what is Cæsar's due.
With a fa, la, &c.

To fetch the navy pitch and tar,
We passed the stormy Sound;
But now our debt's postponed so far,
We must take t'other round;
And e'er we have our own again,
Must shoot the straits of Magellan.
With a fa, la, &c.

in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord-treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with

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And we poor graziers of the plain,
Who served them pork and beef,
Must take hard words instead of gain,
And charters for relief;
For sound good meat with a hogo,
They give us bills on Ter' del Fuego.
With a fa, la, &c.

We honest tars, that oft come home
Without an arm or leg,
Must hope no more for trulls or rum,
But be content to beg:
Our wages stopt without account,
The crew is all turn'd o'er to B——t.
With a fa, la, &c.

Two scurvy letters, R and Q,
Did long the sea infest;
Made some dispute, and proved their due,
But still they paid their rest:
This sweeping torrent none can stem,
We're run aground on O and M.
With a fa, la, &c.

But come, my lads, together stand,
Let's suffer this no more:
Shall we that on the seas command,
Be bullied thus on shore?
No, no, my boys, pull the helm a-lee,
And heave the rogues into the sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

great folks: and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord-treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the Bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he's so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at Lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him, so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance; and I dined with him and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw

the like. Count Gallas,* the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us : the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him ; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace ; and he is always in close confidence with Lord Wharton and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace ; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks ; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon ; but hear they staid till two in the morning, and were all drunk ; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies ? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. Secretary about the same. I won't tell you now ; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are

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* Count Gallas was dismissed from the court of Britain with every mark of dishonour. He was informed by a message from the secretary, Mr. St. John, that he should no more come to court, that what his master had to communicate, would be well received from the hands of another minister, and that he might depart from Britain when he thought fit.

half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember anything but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear, beyond all contradiction. But I forgot: I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give Goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love Goody Stoyte better than Goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning, he had people with him; but says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see Lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord-treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but

he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton Court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume, so I believe they

are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now toward the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord-treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if lord-treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord-treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see: so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it: I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it

out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about Pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being secretary of state; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the queen and lord-treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop of Cloyne and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, Madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise, I will trust to temperance

and exercise; your fall of the leaf: what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved. —I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is an account of Guiscard by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then an answer to the letter to the lords about Gregg by Presto; Prior's Journey by Presto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate, without sugar, for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before; pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it.

MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

—o—

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton Court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I

plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. | I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—† Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here. I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—Monsieur Pontchartain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there, (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts, &c.*) have sent letters to Lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead.* But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two

* This token of respect was conferred upon the Earl of Pembroke as a man of taste and science, particularly eminent for his splendid collection of marbles, and other antiquities, deposited at Wilton.

French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord.—Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an ale-house.—You never said one word of Goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her.—Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say.—I will think of something: but if DD * were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a-year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and staid there; it was a most

* Stella and Dingley.

delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord-treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more toward a peace. I called at lord-treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new titled a sermon of Tom Swift's,* printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? you say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed sirrahs; the secretary is still at Hampton Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I

* A thanksgiving sermon, under the title of "Noah's Dove, an Exhortation to Peace, set forth in a Sermon, preached on the Seventh of November 1710, a thanksgiving day, by Thomas Swift, A.M., formerly Chaplain to Sir William Temple, now Rector of Puttenham, in Surrey."

staid with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace, when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffeehouse, that Lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it got about all the town. But I saw Lord Harley yesterday at noon in his nightgown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true; but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left Lord Pelham's son his heir: The widow duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a-year to support the honour; for lord-treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, Goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold. I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out. I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely. I am as helpless as an elephant. — I had three packets from the Archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two

long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord-treasurer's daughter, is brought to-bed of a son. Lord-treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits,* but not for gravel pits to live in us; a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord-treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled,

* Alluding, I suppose, to Kensington gravel pits, where patients are sent for the sake of air.

and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed Lady Oglethorp to inquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O but Mr. Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair.—It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my fate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,

Few fillings,
Many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

> To my enemies be this curse,
> A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving-day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean: and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.—Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs.—At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw; or if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I

scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clatter: I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord-treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome;* they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with Lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c., and went to lord-treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters thus:

Though G———d's knife did not succeed,
A F———n's yet may do the deed.

And a little below; *Burn this, you dog.* My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, Your humble servant, *The Devil*, and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

* She was remarkable for a very red nose, which was the perpetual subject of raillery in the Whig lampoons.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the Archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.——I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.——I should have told you, that in those two verses sent to lord-treasurer, the G——d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F——n; I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and

they him: and so it would be, That although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it.* My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first Duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your N. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrahs, I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature.† I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with

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* That of Swift is the polite reading, that of the treasurer probably the true one. Those who wrote him such a billet did not mean to compliment him on the enmity of the French to his person.

† See his letter of date the 27th October 1711. The Irish House of Commons proved intractable about this time.

the government or clergy.* See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the Bishop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

—o—

LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d—— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting Lady Oglethorp and Lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birth-

* He voted against Higgins, the Sacheverel of Ireland, whose case was tried before the lord-lieutenant and council about this time. Indeed, though his political sentiments are mollified, not to say disguised, in his correspondence with Swift, the archbishop seems to have been a keen Whig in his heart. The lower House of Convocation had espoused the cause of Higgins.

day, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, &c., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary; you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord-treasurer's house, and the secretary's; and other violences. The militia * was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.†

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much; but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub

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* *i.e.* The London trained bands.

† This scheme seems to have been the revival of one, which Shaftesbury's party played off with great effect against the court party in 1682. See Dryden's Works, Vol. X. p. 370. The Post-boy of 22d Nov. charged the Kit-Cat Club, which contained the most distinguished of the Whig party, with "a conspiracy to raise a mob, to confront the best of queens and her ministry, pull down the houses of several honest true worthy English gentlemen, having had money distributed to them some time before for that purpose by G. G. G. S. S. S. W. H. M. (*i.e.* Grafton, Godolphin, Dr. Garth, Somerset, Sunderland, Somers, Warton, Halifax, and Mountague,) an insatiable junto *cum multis aliis*, who made the subscription, and gave out the queen was very ill, if not dead, in order to have acted their treasons with greater freedom." The account was, however, grossly exaggerated.

Street papers already. The secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the pope, and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord-treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St. James's Street. Lord-treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton Court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I

remember Mr. Secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope burning into ridicule; and, indeed, they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults.* I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is Bishop of Bristol, is the other; and Lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and Lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as Hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not.† And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

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* In a Whig ballad of the time, called Plot upon Plot, it is thus ridiculed:

You for your bonfires maukins dress'd
On good Queen Bess's day,
Whereby much treason was express'd,
As all true churchmen say.
Against the Devil and the Pope,
The French our new ally,
And Perkin too, that youth of hope,
On whom we all rely.

† It proved as Swift prophesied; for Lord Strafford absolutely refused to be joined in commission with a person of such low

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it; and he says, the peace is past danger, &c. Well; and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't answer your letter now, sirrah saucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.——At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the Duchess of Grafton,* dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago,† and looks like a

birth, so that the department of trade, with which Prior was to have been intrusted, was necessarily committed to the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Privy Seal, a change which greatly added to the difficulties of the negotiation.

* Daughter of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, and relict of the first Duke of Grafton.

† This alludes to an old-fashioned head-dress called a *Fontange*, which was the mode about 1700.

mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see Lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord-treasurer, but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton Court, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Duchess of Hamilton t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis* and me to

* The dean's great regard for Mr. Lewis appears from the following memorandum, written by him on the back of one of that gentleman's letters: "Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was;

dine at a tavern to-day, which I have done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night; he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen has come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord-treasurer about reforming our language; but

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the best of husbands; I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends; he was so to me, when I had little hopes I should ever live to thank him."—Mr. Lewis was also distinguished by the friendship of Mr. Pope, who left him a legacy for a ring.

first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley; and passed my time since insipidly, only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too strong in the House of Lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger,* who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a twopenny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design.† My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville‡ is come home

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* Afterwards a judge in Ireland.

† The reader will find this in the fugitive pieces relating to this period.

‡ William Domville, of Longman's-town, in the county of Dublin, Esq.

from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord-treasurer's, with whom I stayed about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about business. My lord-treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet* is published; lord-treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes on the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias in a Whig Newspaper. Sosias, can you read

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* "The Conduct of the Allies." The mottoes are pointedly severe against the Duke of Marlborough.

Partem tibi Gallia nostri
Eripuit: Partem duris Hispania bellis:
Pars jacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
Te vincente perit.

Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis.
Victrix provincia plorat.

it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise; I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord-treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Disney.—We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c., and am now got home, &c

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my Lord Harley, and I did some business with lord-treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow

morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then.—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry,* &c., yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace, or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the Bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord-treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had.—Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We

* Lord Santry's prosecution of Higgins before the Privy Council of Ireland, for uttering some violent High Church doctrines, made the same noise in that kingdom which Sacheverel's affair did in England.

have had much rain every day as well as you. £7, 17s. 8d. old blunderer, not 18s.: I have reckoned it eighteen times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned: and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till farther orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.——I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask; but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my lord-treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.——And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly.—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but, &c.——Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of November 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will

ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as Goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness:* the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, Madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness, busyness, business, bisyness, bisness, bysness;* faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must though; *business, busyness, bisyness.* ——I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the House of Lords, no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand.* The Grub Street account of that tumult

* "There were," says Boyer in his ANNALS, "the effigies of the Devil, that of the Pope on his right hand, and that of the Pretender on his left, in a blue cloth coat, with tinsel lace, and a hat with a white feather made of cut paper, seated under a large canopy; as also the figures of four cardinals, four Jesuits, and four Franciscan friars, and a large cross about eighteen feet high."

is published. The devil is not like lord-treasurer: they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day, which will take up no time to speak of.

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LETTER XXXVI.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away, but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted

—Vol. X. p. 279. The Whig party did not deny their interest in this intended procession, only contending that they meant the affair should end in consigning the puppets to a bonfire. It seems to have been designed as a retaliation for the artifices used during the trial of Sacheverel to excite the mob against their party.

with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was at court to-day; the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. Secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of Lady Gifford's writing; one owning some exchequer business of £100 to be Stella's; another for £100 that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for £300; the

last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till Lady Gifford dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the House of Lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the penny post. Some people talk as if the House of Lords would do some peevish thing;* for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but lord-treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. Secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings;

* This is an instance, among many, of Swift's political foresight.

and the fellow asked us five guineas a-week only to have leave to dine once a-week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's, (he is lord-keeper's son.) They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. Davenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing, than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considered 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub Street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always: yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and Lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord-treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get

up one against to-morrow.* He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but Lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub Street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord-keeper dined below stairs, I suppose, on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the House of Lords; yet I observed Mrs.

* See the History of John Bull, Chaps. XIII. XIV., where the Earl of Nottingham figures under the nickname of Diego, and the ballad alluded to in the text. This was not the only squib flung against that nobleman by his former allies, the Tories. Among others, the following advertisement was inserted in the Post-Boy of 6th December: "Whereas a very tall thin swarthy complexioned man, between sixty and seventy years of age, wearing a brown coat with little sleeves and long pockets, has lately withdrawn himself from his friends, being seduced by wicked persons to follow ill courses: These are to give notice, that whoever shall discover him shall have ten shillings reward; or, if he will voluntarily return, he will be kindly received by his friends, who will not reproach him for past follies, provided he will give good assurances that for the future he will firmly adhere to the Church of England, in which he was so carefully educated by his honest parents."

Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The Duke of Marlborough * has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because she says he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices: † and this has happened entirely by my lord-treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord-treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or

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* Marlborough, Godolphin, Somers, and other leaders of the Whig party, were repeatedly closeted by the queen, to bring them, if possible, to unite with her ministry in the project of a peace.

† The previous question was carried by a single voice, and the main question (majorities having a natural tendency to rapid increase) by a majority of sixty-one votes to fifty-five.

what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the Bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the Archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord-treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped, that, when it was reported this day in the House of Lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the lord-treasurer. I dined with Mr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the House of Lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot, (the queen's favourite physician,) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord-treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the House: I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the queen was going from the House, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her, whether he or the great Chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out; she answered short, neither of you, and gave her hand to the Duke of

Somerset, who was louder than any in the House for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley,* out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that the *hearts of kings are unsearchable.* I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr.

* Hugh Viscount Cholmondeley of Kellis, in Ireland, created Earl of Cholmondeley in Britain in 1706. He was treasurer of the queen's household, and lord-lieutenant of Chester and of North Wales at this time; but being unfavourable to the Tory ministry, he was, as Swift here proposes, deprived of his offices in 1713. On the accession of George I., he was replaced in these honourable trusts, and died in 1724-5.

Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted against the court in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord-keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d Duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer, I should have the advantage of him: for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estates in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the Duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord-treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recal me;

and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c., but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord-treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will be at least a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord-treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the Commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some farther conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; while I was there she went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord-treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: says he, you had better keep com-

pany with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken nor the heart of a mite. Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord-treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and Lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them, that it would please the queen. He said, that was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it.* The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I was to see the Duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, that,

* The ministry came in by the influence of Mrs. Masham predominating over that of the Duchess of Marlborough; and now Swift conceived that the star of the Duchess of Somerset was rising in the same horizon above that of the reigning favourite.

from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me, that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with Lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, yes, if I saw the Duke and Duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief justice,* who was a manager against Sacheverel; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of the *Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense

* Lord Chief Justice Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, a keen Whig.

enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'ennight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future; 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional Bill* is brought to-day into the House of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

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* The bill against occasional conformity, *i.e.* against those who took the sacramental test, merely for the sake of qualification for temporal offices.—See *History of John Bull*, Chap. XIV.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, December 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c., and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week: Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord-treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me, he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arburthnot is in good hopes that the queen has not betrayed us; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily

crowded; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I have avoided Lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord-treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord-treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The Duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke, and that is a poor sacrifice.* I believe the

* "In a consultation," says Boyer, who seems generally well informed, "held about the middle of December, it was likewise resolved to remove the Duke of Somerset from his place of master of the horse; but the queen having a great affection for his duchess, who was groom of the stole to her majesty, and first lady of the bed-chamber, whose conjugal love, it was thought, would not suffer her to remain at court if her consort were in

queen certainly designs to change the ministry; but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say, my lord privy-seal sets out for Holland this week: so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, &c.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it; and all agree, that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago, or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send

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disgrace, the resolution of removing her lay dormant for a while." —*Annals*, Vol. X. p. 301.

The truth seems to be, that experience of the Duchess of Marlborough's tyranny had taught the queen the danger of having an unrivalled favourite; and therefore she indulged her partiality to the Duchess of Somerset just so far as to induce Mrs. Masham to doubt of the extent of her own influence.

to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub Street speech of Lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court, that Walpole* (a great Whig member) said, that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament while he was secretary at war. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord-treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman.† The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither.

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* The celebrated Sir Robert Walpole.

† Dr. King the civilian, a lively minor poet, and a keen Tory, of whom more hereafter.

I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'ennight at the Thatched House Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the Bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the Duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. Secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas-day. I was to see Lady ——, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to Champaigne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord-treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. —He showed me a letter from a great Presbyterian parson* to him, complaining how their friends had

* Mr. Shower. Vide his letter to the lord high treasurer Oxford, and my lord-treasurer's answer. Also *John Bull*, Chapter XIV.

betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The Lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover; of a very angry kind to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses.* Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am. I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy† is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is some-

* Particularly combating the right of a Scottish peer, being created a British peer, to sit as such in the House of Lords. This was a great victory over the ministers.

† The Windsor Prophecy; a piece which drew on our author the deep and unremitting resentment of the Duchess of Somerset, and certainly did not conciliate the queen, already indisposed towards Swift.

what in the same manner with that of Merlin in the Miscellanies. My lord privy seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long,* would not advance it for

* This unfortunate lady, a toast, a wit, and a beauty, was sister

her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the Duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord-treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord-treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched House Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens a-piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but

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of Sir James Long, member of parliament for Wiltshire, who was so cold-hearted as to treat her in the manner mentioned in the text. Her grandmother was daughter of Sir Edward Leach of Chatsworth, Derbyshire.

our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord-treasurer, and we staid till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the House of Lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton,* and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know, where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.—And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expence of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord-treasurer and Mrs. Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the Duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been

* The doctor's curate at Laracor.

very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord-treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw Judge Coote to-day at the Duke of Ormond's; he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and new years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S ACCOUNT.

Received of Mr. Tooke - - -	£6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney - - - - -	0	2	6
For the three half crowns it is used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore - - - - -	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland - -	0	10	0
For coach-hire - - - -	0	2	6
In all, just	£8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords, to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord-treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffeehouse. Three of the new lords are of our society.*

* The memorable Gazette by which this vigorous exertion of prerogative was announced to the public runs as follows:

"WHITEHALL, *December* 28.—Her Majesty hath been pleased, by writ, to call to the House of Lords, James Lord Compton, eldest son to the Right Honourable George Earl of Northampton; and the Right Honourable Charles Lord Bruce, eldest son to the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Ailesbury.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, December 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drunk very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy

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"WHITEHALL, *December* 31.—Her Majesty has been pleased to create peers of Great Britain—

George Hay, Esq., one of the four tellers of the receipt of her Majesty's exchequer, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Hay of Bedwarden, in the county of Hereford.

The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Viscount Windsor, in the kingdom of Ireland, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight, in the county of Southampton.

The Right Honourable Henry Pagett, Esq., son and heir-apparent of the Right Honourable William Lord Pagett, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Burton of Burton, in the county of Stafford.

The Right Honourable Sir Thomas Mansell, of Morgan, in the county of Glamorgan, Bart., by the name, stile, and title of Baron Mansell of Morgan, in the county of Glamorgan aforesaid.

Sir Thomas Willoughby of Wollaton, in the county of Nottingham, Bart., by the name, stile, and title of Baron Middleton of Middleton, in the county of Warwick.

The Right Honourable Sir Thomas Trevor, Knight, Chief Justice of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Trevor of Bromham, in the county of Bedford.

George Granville of Stow, in the county of Cornwall, Esq., by the name, stile, and title of Baron Lansdowne of Biddiford, in the county of Devon.

Samuel Massam of Oates, in the county of Essex, Esq., by the name, stile, and title of Baron Massam of Oates, in the county of Essex aforesaid.

Thomas Foley of Witley, in the county of Worcester, Esq., by the name, stile, and title of Baron Foley of Kidderminster, in the said county of Worcester. And,

Allen Bathurst of Battlesden, in the county of Bedford, Esq.,

turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a lord at the end of the session: but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the Duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bedchamber talking to Lord Rochester, he went up to Lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and Lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired Lord Rochester to tell Lady Sunderland, I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The Duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and Lord Windsor, dined with the Duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my Lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord

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by the name, stile, and title of Baron Bathurst of Battlesden, in the county of Bedford aforesaid.

HER MAJESTY HAS REMOVED THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH FROM ALL HIS EMPLOYMENTS."

know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The Duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette;* it will be worth two hundred pounds a-year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

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* "This office, through the kind intercession of Swift, was bestowed upon King, in a manner most agreeable to his indolent temper, since he had not even the labour of solicitation. On the last day of September 1711, Swift, with Dr. Freind, Prior, and several other Tory wits, came in a sort of procession, and delivered to King the key of the Gazetteer office, and of the Paper office; and the next day the new Gazetteer had the honour of dining with Mr. St. John, and thanking him for his patronage, over a table loaded with good cheer. But all these things profited nothing; for in a short half year, King found the drudgery of correcting the paper so very dissonant from his habits, that, in midsummer 1712, he fairly resigned an office sufficient to provide for necessities, which he hardly otherwise knew how to satisfy."—*Life of Dr. King*, prefixed to the edition of his Works, 1776.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers.* But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and Lord Windsor; the other six I am not

* This common cant was generally applied to the duke by the Tory writers. One used this expression, "Once he was fortunate;" which being quoted to Prince Eugene, he said it was the highest possible compliment to Marlborough's conduct, since, being only once indebted to fortune, he had always been successful without her aid. But Swift, even while willing to adopt such mean prejudices, argues the expediency of the question like a politician.

acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased: for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord-treasurer; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mincepies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the House of Lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our society day; Lord Dupplin was president: we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The adjourning of the House of Lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a-year to him: I believe I told

you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord-treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my under-strappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord-treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the Duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him, and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord-treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will. Congreve, who had a French fellow tam-

pering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money, but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers; he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is master, instead of the Duke of Marlborough.* It will be a hundred pounds a-year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so, but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of

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* Amid the spoils of the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Rivers succeeded him in the office of master-general of the ordnance, and as colonel of the royal regiment of Horse Guards.

seeing Prince Eugene,* who landed last night, and lies at Leicester House; he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary, that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied up one: now, says the prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any.—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen ushers.† I supped with Lord Masham, where lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary supped with us; the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two, yet I have written all this, because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Or-

* He was sent by the emperor, if possible to prevent a peace between Britain and France, and was received with great distinction by all parties.

† Swift, who again mentions this little anecdote in his Treatise on Good Breeding, says, that the important piece of etiquette insinuated by Hoffman, was the best lesson which that dull old German had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

mond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to Lord Masham's suppers. Lord-treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me, but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop, for I am going to write a long letter to him, but not so politicly as formerly: I won't trust him.

8. Well, then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now? yes faith, I lamented my birth-day * two days after, and that's all: and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birth-day? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and Bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George

* Dr. Swift, upon his birth-day, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

dead.—Go, cry, Madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a-week, beside small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box. How do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it; so all's well again.—What the quarrel with Sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone: and lord-keeper and treasurer teazed me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance.—The Whigs may sell their estates then,* or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord-treasurer told me, that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi? Replevin, simpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot

* Such, it would seem, had been their threat, as communicated by Stella.

Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but Goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakespeare, where Cardinal Wolsey says,

> "A weak old man, battered with storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon; I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; awkward sluts, *she writes so so, there:** that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow.—The Duke of Marlborough says, there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent

* These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at Lady Betty Germain's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window. For a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased. I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a storey high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them. They attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk Street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and

the wainscoat. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the Duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day you know: but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with Prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the Duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at Lord Masham's with lord treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout,
Till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine: and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the Duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say the duke will make her leave the queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already.* Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the minis-

* See note on Journal December 17.

try be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on.—Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter.

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

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LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711–12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake

beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me, I was secure: for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However, he would be farther informed; and at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the Lord Mansel told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so: said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds; which rejoiced us much: besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair? He said, No; and answering my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw Prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe

they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified.* I was this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord-treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I sat with Lord Masham till one. Lord-treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of burgundy in my chair: I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to Lord Rivers; to be stationers to the ordnance, stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a-year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord-treasurer to-day again, but Lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke of Ormond to-day at the cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his

* Their displeasure was occasioned by the refusal of the House of Lords to permit the Duke of Hamilton to sit as Duke of Brandon, on his receiving that British title.

off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast-day, Dr. Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c., and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary at war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond about some business, and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Those of our society of the House of Commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house; but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the Court of Requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub Street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and staid till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this Duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be, but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out; and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis *A Letter to the* October *Club*, if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer; this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Anglesey: I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the Bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir George St. George's death, but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you, for I won't answer two letters together. The Duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he

had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord-treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the Duchess of Somerset talking with the Duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?* well then, so let it be. The Duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the Duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the House of Commons, for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked today by several in the Court of Requests, whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called Advice to the October Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand: I commended it mightily; he never

* It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that lord-treasurer would immediately speak to me at Lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord-treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I staid with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant; why, says he, have you not seen the Grub Street paper, that says Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's? who, I suppose, is some bailiff.* I knew of this; but at the Court of Requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me, that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday; † that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that

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* James Broad, a sheriff-officer, appears as an evidence on the noted trial of Purchas and Demaree. He was a bailiff of some celebrity, for he is mentioned in the Tatler.

† These lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711–12.

Cadogan is to continue. Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverel has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the Court of Requests Dr. Yalden saluted me by name: Sacheverel, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord-treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverel's: he said he never knew he had a brother, but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverel know this, that he may take his measures accordingly, but he shall be none of my acquaintance.* I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture, and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are top full of. The minister's design is, that the Duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him, but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the House, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the

* Swift's resolutions in favour of Dr. Sacheverel's brother probably arose from a sense of the obligations which the present ministry lay under to this fiery high churchman. His personal dislike was grounded in his thorough contempt of the Doctor's talents and doctrine.

least censure upon him, which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest. Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a-year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at Lord Masham's; Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord-treasurer; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord-treasurer suspected; for he said, This is Dr. Davenant's* style, which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord-treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day, after the parliament was up; I said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the House would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the Duke of Marlborough, by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty

* Davenant was abused as the author of the Examiner, long after Swift had commenced author of that paper. On this mistake the treasurer's jeer was grounded.

well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I, and Lord Masham, &c., dined with Lieutenant-General Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see——The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went toward Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish;* but if ever I hear that word again, I'll *uppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that Lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me, before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well.

Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton, he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord Chief Justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots.) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer: but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no farther service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quick-sets. I hope the cherry trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and, consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711–12

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you m be content with plain. Our society dined togetl to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon Lc Marborough's business on Thursday. The Duke Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; were thirteen at table; and Lord Lansdown ca in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. T secretary proposed the Duke of Beaufort,* w desires to be one of our society; but I stopped because the Duke of Ormond doubts a little abc it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I l them at seven, and sat this evening with poor M Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; s takes a mixture with *assafœtida*, which I have nc in my nose; and everything smells of it. I nev smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eig packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see Prince Eugene at court t day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contri to have a crowd always about him, and employ t rabble to give the word, when he sets out from a place. When the Duchess of Hamilton † car

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* Henry, second Duke of Beaufort. He was so zealous a To that he never appeared at court during Godolphin's ministry: a when he attended there upon the changes, he told her majesty could now call her queen in reality. The duke died in 17 aged only thirty years.

† Elizabeth daughter and heiress of Digby, Lord Gerrard Bromley, by Elizabeth, daughter to Charles Earl of Macclesfie

from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to Lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Masham; they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but Lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to Lord Masham's; lord-treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord-treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the Archbishop of York from being seduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat.* Mrs. Van made me dine with her

* In a romance entitled The History of Rivella, or some such name, (probably written by the lady herself,) she is thus described:

"Her person is neither tall nor short; from her youth she was inclined to fat; whence I have often heard her flatterers liken her to the Grecian Venus. It is certain, considering that disadvantage, she has the most easy air that one can have; her hair is of a pale ash colour, fine, and in a large quantity. I have heard her friends lament the disaster of her having had the small-pox in such an injurious manner, being a beautiful child before that distemper; but as that disease has now left her face, she has scarce any pretence to it. Few, who have only beheld her in public, could be brought to like her; whereas none that became acquainted with her could refrain from loving her. I have heard

to-day. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord-treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the House of Lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of the Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh; eleven thousand of them have been sold; which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny Letter. of Advice to the October Club does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, everybody would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes des Fées*, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to

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several wives and mistresses accuse her of fascination: they would neither trust their husbands, lovers, sons, nor brothers, with her acquaintance, upon terms of the greatest advantage. But, to do Rivella justice, till she grew fat, there was not, I believe, any defect to be found in her body: her lips admirably coloured; her teeth small and even; a breath always sweet; her complexion fair and fresh; yet, with all this, you must be used to her before she can be thought thoroughly agreeable. Her hands and arms have been publicly celebrated; it is certain, that never saw any so well turned: her neck and breasts have an established reputation for beauty and colour; her feet small and pretty. Thus I have run through whatever custom suffers to be visible to us; and, upon my word, chevalier, I never saw any of Rivella's hidden charms."—*Adventures of Rivella*, Lond. 1714, pp. 8–10.

Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me, that Lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber, and that Lady Jane Hyde, Lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed. He said, too, that Lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the Bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from Lord Inchequin to lord-treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick, and out of humour; he would needs drink champaign some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it; Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds Lady Ryalton; and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late Earl of Rochester's daughter.* I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with Lady Masham; the secretary came to us; but lord-treasurer did not; he dined with the master

* And the aunt of Lady Jane Hyde.

of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'ennight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's Street, and Werburgh Street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and Lord Santry; but what care you for Lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, Bishop of Norwich, who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor Park in their travels, preached yesterday before the House of Lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalizing Protestant foreigners passed the House of Lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about Duke Hamilton's patent,* if you know anything of it.

* The patent which conferred on him the Dukedom of Brandon, but which, as the House of Lords had found by a vote, did not entitle him to sit as a British peer. The Scottish nobles were very reasonably discontented at finding that they were to be held incapable of receiving a grace which the crown could confer on the lowest commoner. Nor was the reasons insisted upon for their incapacity of becoming British peers very flattering; for it was more than insinuated, that the independence of the House would be in danger, if the king could confer the privilege of the British peerage at pleasure upon a set of nobles whose rank rendered the boon plausible, while their fortunes placed them in dependence on the crown. Accordingly, so incensed were the Scottish peers, that they refused for a time to sit and

A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the Court of Requests. I dined with lord-treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverel, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord-treasurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord-treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverel.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day: Why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Freind, met at Dr. Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley, that the passage in the Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blameable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the House of Commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written I assure you. I long

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vote in the House of Lords. Justice was not done to them in this particular until 1782, when the late Duke of Hamilton was found entitled to his writ of summons as Duke of Brandon.

to answer your letter, but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day. I was this morning with lord-treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with Lord Masham till twelve. Lord-treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr,* a Scotch earl, was with us at Lord Masham's: I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of Duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the House of Lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not; because all Scotland would detest him if he did: he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.†

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* John, eleventh and last Earl of Mar, then a privy-counsellor, and in 1712 secretary of state for Scotland, afterwards unfortunately famous for heading the rebellion in 1715, for which being attainted, he fled abroad, and died in 1735.

† "The Scotch lords seeing no redress to their complaint, seemed resolved to come no more to sit in the House of Peers; but the court was sensible that their strength in that house consisted chiefly in them and in the new peers; so pains were taken, and secret forcible arguments were used to them, which proved so effectual, that after a few days absence they came back, and continued, during the session, to sit in the house. They give it out, that an expedient would be found that would be to the satisfaction of the peers of Scotland: but nothing of that appear-

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner, but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the House of Commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the birth-day; I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the House of Commons' door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the Archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with Lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The House of Commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes con-

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ing, it was concluded that the satisfaction was private and personal."—BURNET'S *History of his Own Times, ad annum* 1711–1712.

firm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool; and supped there. Lord-treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord-treasurer, his lady, and two daughters and Mrs. Hill, dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as

the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgwater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bedchamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugene. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our society met to-day, the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord-treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed Lord Jersey's * election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the Duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next, (before I treat them again,) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a-year upon operas: I used him civiller than he deserved; but it vexed me to the

* William Villiers, second Earl of Jersey, to which title he succeeded by the death of his father, in August 1711.

pluck. He was told, I had a mighty interest with lord-treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.—Well; I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow.—Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so everything. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here; how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall.* I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the Duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct,† &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Resolutions printed t'other day in the Votes are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex‡ it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.——Well, Madam Dingley, the frost; why we had a great frost, but I forgot how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh,

* A village near Dublin.

† Of the Allies.

‡ Swift always ridiculed the perpetual mention of the fair-sex in this celebrated periodical paper.

unreasonable sluts! The Bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the Duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the Duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the Duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, Stella again: why really three editions of the Conduct, &c., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt; I cannot imagine who should open my letter: it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to Goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by the way of Calais, that peace is very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER XLI.*

London, Feb. 9, 1711–12.

WHEN my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulder so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to-day with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of the commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment.† We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the secretary ‡ to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged Lord Anglesey and Lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like anybody at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.******

10. I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day very

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* Endorsed, "9 Feb. to 23, inclusive; received March 1."

† Upon carrying through the bill for securing the Protestant succession, Sir Matthew Dudley was so zealous for the rights of the Hanover family, that Granville called to him after the debate, "How do you, *Mynherr* Dudley?" To which he answered, alluding to Granville's attachment to what was called the French faction, "Thanks, *Monsieur* Granville."

‡ St. John.

plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birth-day clothes. I was to have invited five: but I only invited two, Lord Anglesey and Lord Carteret. Pshaw, I told you but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your Lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross * was like to swinge the Marquis of Winchester † for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with the state of the war, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach Lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with Lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords, who stood near me, Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath? I whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian. He never would speak to me since, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord-treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home, found some letters from Ire-

* Charles Ross, Esq., lieutenant-general of the horse under the Duke of Ormand in Flanders, April 5, 1712.

† Charles Paulett, afterwards third Duke of Bolton.

land, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the Bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls,* about Mrs. South's† salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find Clements, whom I recommended to Lord Anglesey‡ last year, at Walls's desire, or rather the Bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord Anglesey's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to Lord Anglesey, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord-treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better: I never had anything like it before, three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth.**** Three messengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon, they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more. § *****

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* Archdeacon Walls, rector of Castleknock.

† Widow of Mr. South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the rangers of the Phœnix Park.

‡ Secretary of state for Ireland.

§ A few words are here erased in the original.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted: and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that, hearing I am acquainted with my lord-treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray have you got your apron, Mrs. Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now: do you never play? Yes, at Baligall. Go to bed. *****Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the House of Commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see Lord Masham's children. My young nephew,* his son of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight of night, and I left them at ten. The Com-

* Lord Masham was one of the sixteen brothers of the club; his son was Swift's nephew, of course.

mons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the Conduct of the Allies, and read that passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The Archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me, that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to lord-treasurer being wounded is true.* I believe the Duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the Fable of Midas, a poem, printed in a loose half sheet of paper.† I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night to lord-treasurer, at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two in the afternoon. My third

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* See Vol. II. p. 221.

† A cruel satire on the Duke of Marlborough, comparing his loss of power and place to that of Midas, deprived of the virtues of his touch, by the streams of Pactolus:

While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace——
Here fell a pension, there a place.
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom,
Much good may do them that have caught 'em.
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day, of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that Lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France: and it has been a good while said, that lord privy-seal* and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.**** Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.† I went this evening to Lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The Lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The House of Lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations; for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on lord-treasurer; but their project was not ripe.

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* Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

† It was published under the title of "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a-year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers, or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him; but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints, that I was arrested on an action of £20,000 by the Duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray, is Dr. Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him? ****

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord-treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord-treasurer says he will take it from me. Is that fair? He designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord-treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till-morrow; so I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of

the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord-treasurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hearkee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the third part of the answer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The House of Commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten, in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physician thus:

> On Britain Europe's safety lies;
> Britain is lost, if Harley dies.
> Harley depends upon your skill:
> Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet, who then sate with him, should dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming

out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty, and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past, with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers, which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord-treasurer, about forming a society or academy, to correct and fix the English language. (Is English a speech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the Duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse; the Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroeqporaensiepnotlastoiqobn*,* which I consented to do; but do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

* Thus deciphered, "help him to draw up the representation."

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord-treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the University of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost, to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer * very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to Lord Masham's to-night, and Lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called the St. Alban's Ghost.† I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord-treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are Lord and Lady Masham, lord-treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the secretary,‡ and sometimes Mrs. Hill of the bed-chamber, Lady Masham's sister. I assure you, it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some

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* Robert Benson, Esq., afterwards created Lord Bingley.

† The title is, "The Story of St. Alban's Ghost; or the Apparition of Mother Haggy, collated from the best manuscripts."

‡ Mr. St. John.

general post-house. I will talk farther with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me on Tuesday. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'ennight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.****

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LETTER XLII.

London, Feb. 23, 1711–12.

AFTER having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six, against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to

church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at Lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs. Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord-treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and Goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you, to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would

ask some herald here, whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord-treasurer. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath * is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am

* Dorothea, younger daughter and coheiress to James Stopford of Tarahill, in the county of Meath, Esq. She had been married to Edward Brabazon, fourth Earl of Meath, who died in 1707. The countess afterwards married Lieutenant-General Richard Gorges of Kilbrew. She died on the 10th of April 1728, and her husband only survived her two days. Swift made their death the subject of a satirical epitaph upon Dick and Doll. The lady seems to have been no favourite of his. She was in 1711 a widow, with a large independent fortune.

mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is Lady Masham's hot rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord-treasurer, Mr. Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary.**** We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c., which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the Duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sate with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to Lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her, but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at lord-treasurer's; it was

his levee day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer,* and came back at six to lord-treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sate there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any farther commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries, and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning toward a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman, and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, beside the Earl of Arran,† whom his brother, the Duke

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* Mr. John Barber.

† Charles Butler, younger son of Thomas, the gallant Earl of Ossory, brother to the second, and grandson to the first Duke of Ormond. He was created Earl of Arran in Ireland, and a Baron in England by the title of Lord Butler of Weston, in 1693.

of Ormond, brought among us against all order. more were mightily shocked; but, after some whispering, it ended in choosing Lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned; between you and me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places, passed the House of Commons, and will pass the House of Lords, in spite of the ministry, which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince, but I think things are not settled enough for it at present. And the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is

one circumstance relative to Lieutenant-C[illegible] Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith and turned out of all his employments last ye[illegible] had about £10,000 left to live on. Str[illegible]rd, upon friendship, desired he might have the ma[illegible]gement of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all.—You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class-fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing £500 by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives MD.

2. Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Wyndham's* house burnt, and that two maids, leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The Duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave £6000 but a few months ago for that house, as he told me,

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* Sir William Wyndham, well known as a leader of the Tory interest. Pope thus celebrates him,

> Wyndham just to freedom and the throne,
> The master of our passions and his own.

and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night.—He married Lady Catherine Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe.—At night. Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; Lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr. Bridges's house, next door, is damaged much, and was like to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above £10,000 by this accident. His lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with Lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor, for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too, for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord-treasurer this morning, and what care you for that? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband.

This day has passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at Lord Masham's to-night, and staid there till one. Lord-treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the House of Lords is a very weak one: and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others: which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks.* I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the Bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the House of Lords. I will do him what service I can. The representation of the House of Commons is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had

* Swift, much attached as he was to the church of England, cordially despised that austere attention to fasts, &c., which, as practised by the more rigid high churchmen, approached to the Roman Catholic observances.

mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town: Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poxed to him. Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes and four without a desert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord-treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither: for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the

house.*** Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters in an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor, and* not mix water. Lord-treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire Lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

7. I was to-day at the House of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffeehouse, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton, of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the Duke of Ormond to make use of it, to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad: and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.—Night, dearest rogues.

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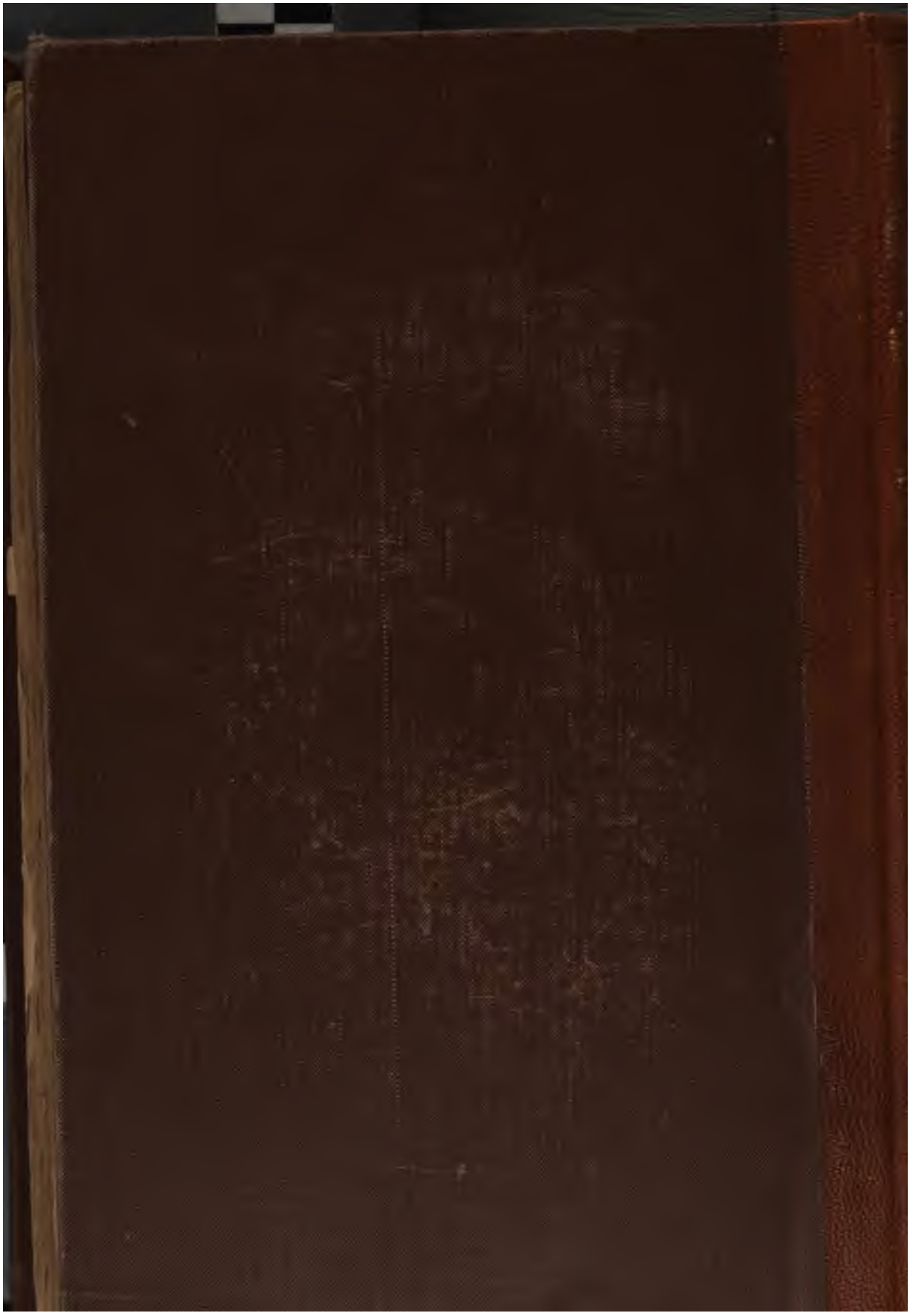
* *And* should be *do.*

8. This day twelvemonth Mr. Harley was stabbed; but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning;) and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the Representation; it is the finest that ever was writ. —Some of it is Pdfr's style; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with Lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary, about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD.

END OF VOL. II.

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